HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XXII.—No. 1148.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1878. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1878, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

SPOILING FOR A FIGHT.

Lord Beaconsfield. "Don't put your sleeves down; for if you don't fight *him*, you must have a row with somebody!"

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, AND BAZAR POSTAGE FREE.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, or HARPER'S BAZAR will be sent for one year to any Subscriber in the United States, POSTAGE PREPAID by the Publishers, on receipt of Four Dollars.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1878.

OUR CHRISTMAS SUPPLEMENT.

With this Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY *our readers will receive gratuitously a magnificent* SIXTEEN-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, *containing fourteen Holiday Pictures, and an entertaining story by* F. W. ROBINSON, *entitled*

"ROMANCE ON FOUR WHEELS."

An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

ROCKS AHEAD.

THE reasons for the sudden change in party prospects that occurred during the autumn, and of the general feeling that the Republican party would probably elect the next President, were chiefly three: first, the feeling that the "Southern question" was substantially settled; second, that the pretense of "reform" had been finally torn away from the Democratic party; and third, that the Republican party would assert and maintain the highest and firmest ground upon a financial policy. Every thing that tends to destroy this threefold feeling at any point tends to weaken the party. Now the success of the Republican party, as such, and without regard to principles and policy and measures, is desirable only to those who in some way live upon such success. The interest of intelligent and independent Republicans is that the party shall represent sound principles and a just policy; and such Republicans, if we understand them, believe that party success is most certainly assured by such a position. They object strenuously to "using" the Southern question merely as a means of arousing sectional hostility. They reject emphatically the alleged declaration of a Republican leader that the bloody shirt is still the best cry.

The mischiefs and dangers and wrongs of the election frauds and violences in the Southern States, and their constitutional and wise correction, are one thing, but a rancorous sectional dispute is another. A disposition to strain the Constitution and the laws for relief and remedy which can come more wisely and radically and permanently from other methods is not a disposition which will increase the chances of Republican success. As for the reform pretenses of the Democratic party, the cipher dispatches have disposed of them finally. Some persons may think a change of party administration desirable for the sake of change—an absurd but not unknown feeling. But probably no intelligent person in the country really supposes that the return of the long-exiled Democratic party to the control of the government and to the distribution of patronage would result in the "reform" of a single abuse. There would certainly be an enormous change, and the despicable Jacksonian proscription would be repeated upon a much greater scale. But "a clean sweep" would be the only "reform." The advantage which the cipher disclosures have given to the Republican party will not be lost. The Democrats will not figure as "reformers" in 1880.

But there is the third reason of the improved Republican prospect, and that is the conviction that the Republican party stands for perfectly honest finance. This is not the least strong of the new bulwarks of the party in the common apprehension. We do not mean that the Republican tendency or policy upon the subject has not been generally sounder than the Democratic, but not until this autumn did the party as a party in most of the leading States take a perfectly unequivocal position. This position and the great advantage it gives the party will be soon lost if the action of Mr. FORT, of Illinois, in the House of Representatives shall be sustained in any considerable degree by the party, or if it can not be made clear that it is condemned by the party. A proposition that the banks shall pay out, at the payee's option, a hundred cents for eighty-five or eighty-six cents received, is one that Republicans as such can not afford to make or to support. The mere suggestion contained in Mr. FORT's bill, and sustained by thirty-seven Republican votes, has done the party serious injury. It is vain to say that there were only thirteen Democratic votes against it, and that its main support was Democratic. If both parties show themselves to be wrong, a Democrat will naturally prefer to try to put his own party right, since he will have nothing to gain by leaving it. At the end of the autumn elections the Republican prospect was more promising than it had been for a long time. It would be very easy to cloud that prospect. But the future must be faced betimes. If the national Republican standard is lower than the local standard, the local results are no test of national Republican strength.

THE LAW AND THE FRAUDS.

THE President in his Message appeals to the Legislatures, the courts, the executive authorities, and the people of the States in which electoral wrongs were committed, to aid in bringing the offenders to justice, and engages to spare no lawful effort of his own to secure the same result. This indicates the true policy. The detailed reports of ballot stuffing and other frauds were too direct and circumstantial to permit any doubt that there had been great wrongs. But in this country, when such facts are probable, there is one obvious method of procedure. The subject comes before the courts, and a legal inquiry is held. The first point of all effort, therefore, should be the thoroughness of the legal inquiry. It is for that purpose that the President asks an adequate appropriation, which ought to be advocated by every honest man of every party. It is contemptuously retorted by those who favor summary measures that as the question will be submitted to a jury of the very persons who have done the wrong, or who sympathized with those who did it, it is mere folly to suppose that justice is possible by such means. But the reply to this, however probable it may be, is that as yet there has been no legal action concluded, and therefore it can not be pronounced fruitless; and again, that if the courts and juries can not be trusted, there is no provision to deal adequately with the case, and there can be none within our political system, without a severe strain, except by the military power.

The question of the frauds is of the highest importance, as we have heretofore said, because the same frauds which elect members of Congress may elect a President. Now if the next election should be very close, as it is fair to presume that it will be, and the result should depend upon the vote of a single State, and that vote were generally believed to have been decided by fraud, there would be a situation which no patriotic man wishes to contemplate. It is true that a great many persons believe that the last election was decided by fraud. But Congress, by general consent and upon acknowledged principles, adjusted the question in a perfectly constitutional manner. It is not probable, however, that a similar adjustment would be sought again, and it is of the most vital urgency that the necessity should be avoided. The common interest of the whole country consequently is that the exact truth in regard to the late alleged frauds should be satisfactorily ascertained and universally known. Intelligent men in South Carolina, for instance, know that such things are always magnified in the telling, and they are quite as much concerned as any body that the exact truth should be known. Opposition to a thorough inquiry will suggest great suspicion. If such men know that the stories told are slanders and lies, they will gladly co-operate in proving them to be so. If they are aware that there is some ground for the stories, but that it is possibly exaggerated, they will willingly expose the exaggeration, sure of the reaction of opinion that will follow. And if they really believe that there were similar wrongs committed in other States, they will properly urge an investigation in those States, sure that every case which is established elsewhere will at least set off the opprobrium of those cases that may be proved in their own States.

The first thing to do, then, is to await the result of the pending legal inquiry in the States concerned. If no such inquiry should take place, either because of the indifference of local sentiment or of intimidation of the officers of the law, that of itself would be a most powerful and in many quarters a conclusive appeal to the public opinion of other parts of the country. It would then be for every sensible man to decide for himself with how much composure the country would acquiesce in a Presidential election decided by the vote of States in which fraud and violence at elections are highly probable and credibly alleged, and in which legal investigation is baffled. To avoid such a contingency every consideration in other parts of the country would be subordinated. There would be a general union of all good citizens of every opinion to forego all differences in order to prevent probable civil broils. The obvious result would be not only an indefinite postponement of every desirable measure of general importance, but an equally indefinite prolongation of sectional controversy. On the other hand, a local legal inquiry, plainly fair and thorough, followed by punishment of convicted persons, would be a triumph which every good citizen would hail with satisfaction. There would be universal reason for congratulation that even in States which have been so sorely disturbed, and in which slavery has necessarily delayed general civilization, the orderly processes of law are still efficient. In any case, there would be no ground for continued sectional contention. The prospect happily seems to be that this will be the issue, and that there will be patriotism and sagacity enough in those who are most interested to baffle every attempt to produce a situation in which the Presidential election shall be conducted under a mere sectional cry.

SIX AND HALF A DOZEN.

THE superintendent of the Third Life-saving District on Long Island was recently charged with various offenses, and among them that he had used his official position in the interest of local politics. There were ninety witnesses examined by the investigating committee, and the testimony filled fifteen hundred manuscript pages. The committee decided that sixteen of the twenty charges preferred were unfounded, but that four were partially true, and that in some cases the superintendent had made appointments for political reasons, although there was no evidence that in consequence of such action any life was lost or that the service had suffered. The chief of the Life-saving Bureau, in reviewing the report of the committee, decides that the superintendent merited severe censure for a breach of duty in this respect to the spirit and purpose of the Life-saving Service, while he speaks very highly of his general administration of his office, and therefore recommends only that a letter of admonition be sent by the Secretary of the Treasury, stating that a repetition of the practices proved would be sufficient ground for removal.

There will be undoubtedly general approval of this conclusion. That human life, in an emergency where its safety depends upon specially trained intelligence and skill, should be exposed to the care of persons appointed not for such skill and intelligence, but because of their services at caucuses and at the polls, is an absurdity apparent to every body. But the same arguments can be urged for the practice in the Life-saving Service that are offered for it in other branches of the public service. It may be said with the usual plausibility that a man of the dominant party is quite as likely to be as generally honest and handy as one of the other party. It may be argued that there is nothing in the art of running a boat through the surf, and of handling lines, and of keeping a look-out which any clever man may not very soon learn. It may be insisted that there is great danger of running in ruts, and of doing work in a merely perfunctory way, and of "dead wood" in a service which is not constantly recruited with fresh blood. It may be asserted that new brooms sweep clean, and that there is a monarchical and aristocratic and bureaucratic tendency in appointing to such places those only who are proved to know something of boats and the sea, and who are devoted to their duty, and not to the interests of a politician. Finally, it may be contended that it is the business of every American to be a politician, that parties can not be organized and directed unless "the boys" are rewarded with posts in the Life-saving Service and the Custom-house and the Post-office, and that while human nature is human nature, etc., etc., etc.

The well-worn argument is just as apt and forcible in the case of one branch of the service as it is in another, and just as fallacious. If a man should not be put to saving lives at a coast station because he knows nothing of the business, why should he be put to appraising sugar or linen in the Custom-house when he knows nothing of the business? His ignorance in the one case may, indeed, involve the loss of life, but why, in the other, should it cost the country a loss of revenue? Life is undoubtedly more precious than money. But the system of the service that would save life would save money also. It would do more. If the posts of the life-saving stations are not to be made the reward of political or personal service, those who hold them will be politically independent. They can not be made the agents of their superiors, and their superiors, therefore, can take no illicit part in local politics. This is an immense gain for the self-respect of all concerned, and for honest and independent politics. If, in like manner, those who hold Custom-house and all other public places were appointed because they were found to be fit for them, and forfeited them only by misconduct, would there be no gain for their self-respect and for political independence? The evil of the system which is thus most happily proscribed in the Life-saving Service is not only, or indeed chiefly, that persons are appointed who are totally and ludicrously unfitted for their places, not only that it necessarily involves the loss which is always the result of official ignorance and incapacity, but that it tends to degrade personal character and demoralize politics, and to exclude from political life and activity the very elements that are most desirable. In the little Life-saving Service, with its simple apparatus, its small numbers, its humane purpose, its heroic activities, all this is plainly seen, and the prohibition of improper practices is cordially approved by every man of common-sense. But the practice that is prohibited here is every where else defended. Yet if the practice be not only censurable but intolerable in the public service for saving life, why should it be commendable in the public service for collecting the revenues?

PLAGUE-SPOTS.

THE excellent paper published in this city, and called the *Plumber and Sanitary Engineer*, might add to its other titles that of the Practical Philanthropist, for such it proves itself to be in its constant and clear exposure of the wrongs and dangers of many of our domestic and municipal arrangements. It has just united with Messrs. D. WILLIS JAMES, F. B. THURBER, HENRY E. PELLEW, and ROBERT GORDON, gentlemen well known as of the truest public spirit, in offering a premium for the best design for a house for working-men. The *Plumber* has already called attention to the deplorable condition and system of tenement-houses, and the annual report just issued of the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor ably discusses the same subject. Lulled by the national boast that this country is the home of the suffering and the oppressed of all lands, we are not, perhaps, generally aware that the overcrowding of population in New York is greater than in any city in the world. In the Fourth Ward alone there are 290,000 inhabitants to the square mile, while in London the most closely populated districts reach, in St. James's, 144,000 persons, in St. Luke's, 151,000, in East London, 175,000, to the square mile. There are eleven or twelve persons on the average to each house of all kinds in New York, while in Philadelphia there are only six or seven. In the city of New York 500,000 persons live in tenement-houses, and a large part of this number sleep in rooms which are never aired except from another room.

"Most of the young criminals," says the Prison Association, "come from these dwellings." And the Relief Association says that it is useless to try to help the poor or to diminish pauperism until radical reforms are made in these homes. Seventy-five per cent. of the maladies of the city spring from the tenement-houses. The wasting and loathsome diseases that haunt them are indescribable. It is a slow process of mental, moral, and physical decay, aptly called "tenant-house rot." Ninety per cent. of the children born in these ghastly dens die before reaching youth. The dark and noisome recesses are the hot-beds of vice and crime of every kind and degree. A vast and continuous demoralization, a dehumanization, goes on in them. They are the sores, the plague-spots of the great city. They generate a race of paupers. They breed hereditary crime. As the gracious Christmas season returns it is pitiful to think of this host of young children who never knew or can know decent love or care—little mortal waifs drifted beyond even the knowledge of us who are their neighbors.

Of course in a Christian city something is done for the relief of this wretchedness: the Aid Society, the asylums, the protectories, all reach out helping hands. But the misery is so great and the mischief so threatening that public sentiment should be thoroughly aroused; and it is a subject upon which that sentiment should be guided gladly by those who have made a careful and comparative study of the subject. The report of the Relief Society says that the health authorities of the city have done much good, and it also says, what is most significant and important, that *the existing laws are sufficiently broad to cover all the needs of the occasion.* The sanitary code provides for light, cleanliness, and ventilation in the tenant houses; forbids overcrowding; insists upon adequate drainage and supply of water. But the number of houses is so great that they can not be inspected often enough, and the names of landlords are carefully concealed, and many houses are in the hands of receivers, so that it is extremely difficult to find a responsible agent on whom to enforce the changes. The owners are a

large and wealthy class, who exert great political influence. An owner perhaps keeps a supply shop near by, and "votes" the house by contract with candidates who will pay the arrears of tenants. The remedy suggested is the prevention of all building which does not strictly conform to the sanitary code, the destruction or radical change of unfit houses now standing, and model tenements as substitutes for the present rookeries. The first remedy is now more likely to be enforced than ever before. It has been decided to refuse permits except to plans which conform strictly to the law. The second remedy has been tested successfully elsewhere, notably in Glasgow, Liverpool, and Edinburgh. Health has "vastly improved," and crime has even more plainly decreased. The third remedy, that of improved dwellings, has been tried with success by Mr. ALFRED T. WHITE in Brooklyn. He has built durable houses, in which there is good air and light and plenty of water, which are tenanted by the poorest class, yet which pay seven per cent. upon the investment, so that the owner is satisfied. These are all good signs. But whether the system which has been successfully applied to hospitals, of small buildings rather than one large building, may not be wisely tried with the tenement-house, is a question which is already asked. In any case there should be no delay in intelligent action of some kind, and the project of the gentlemen we have named will be watched with great hope and interest.

MR. BLAINE'S RESOLUTION.

MR. BLAINE'S speech in offering his resolution of inquiry into the late election frauds was brief and clear. He stated distinctly that he had made the resolution broad enough to include every State where wrongs are alleged. He rested his argument upon the manifest injustice to the white voters of the Northern States resulting from the forcible or fraudulent appropriation by the white voters of the Southern States of the enlarged representation based upon the colored population. His objection was not that the colored citizens are outvoted, but that they are prevented from voting. Therefore Mr. THURMAN'S rejoinder, that the trouble is that there are not Republican votes enough, was unfounded. The complaint is that whether Republican votes are many or few, they are not allowed to be cast. Nor was Mr. THURMAN'S argument of any weight, that such an inquiry delays important public business. Is there any more important public business than inquiry into the legitimacy of the government? Or would Mr. THURMAN wish the public business to be transacted upon a fraudulent basis?

For reasons that we have elsewhere stated, Mr. THURMAN and Mr. LAMAR and their party friends ought to favor investigation. Nothing would so promptly and finally baffle every effort to renew a mere sectional contest as evidence that the elections in the Southern States were as fair as in New York or Massachusetts or Iowa. There was, therefore, nothing more significant and important said in the debate than the assertion of Mr. LAMAR:

> "Sir, before this discussion is over I will show that no negro vote has been suppressed in the South. I will demonstrate that this political phenomenon which is the subject of so much discussion and misrepresentation is a phenomenon that would occur in any free society, and that it has been brought about by the agencies which intelligence and virtue and sagacity and other agencies of civilization always bring upon the classes that are ignorant and debased."

He has thus made an engagement with the country that we shall most gladly see him keep. If he will show what he here promises to show, he will do the country a signal service, and he will effectually "dry up the bloody shirt."

MR. EDMUNDS'S ELECTORAL BILL.

SENATOR EDMUNDS promptly introduced his bill providing for the count of the Presidential vote. Its details we have already mentioned, and no more important or urgent measure will be laid before Congress at this session. Mr. MORTON, who was not a timid man, foresaw distinctly the probable consequences of such a dead lock as occurred in 1876, and had devoted much thought to a remedy. But none simpler or more effective than that of Mr. EDMUNDS could be proposed; and the time is peculiarly propitious for its consideration, because there will be no disturbing difference of party majority between the Houses of Congress at the next election. The difficulty in agreeing upon a provision arises from the necessity of finding some plan which will be accepted by parties each of which may control one of the Houses. But the counting of the votes in 1881 will be made by Houses both of which will be Democratic. The mere party difficulty, therefore, disappears. Whether the decision shall practically rest with one House or depend upon the unanimity of both, it will be equally a Democratic decision.

The bill of Mr. EDMUNDS fixes an early election—on the first Tuesday in October—and the electors are not to vote until the second Monday in January. This gives three months for the settlement of disputes. The bill also authorizes, but it can not compel, the erection of State tribunals to decide such disputes, and the common-sense of the States would doubtless provide them. When the Congressional count takes place, if there be but a single return from a State, it can not be rejected except by a concurrent vote of the two Houses taken separately. If there be two or more returns, the vote of the State will be lost unless both Houses can agree upon the same return. This is a perfectly fair method of settling a question which is sure to arise, and which can be settled satisfactorily only upon the principle of recognizing the equal voice of the two Houses.

It is a favorable moment for the adjustment of this question, not only because the provisions of the bill of Mr. EDMUNDS are essentially fair, but because of the uncertainty of the party result of the election of 1880. The only sure thing is that the vote will be counted by a Democratic Congress. Unless, therefore, it can be shown that the bill in some way unjustly favors either party, we can see no good ground of opposition. The passage of such a bill would be hailed by the country as another measure of relief and pacification. The doubt which now hangs about the final determination of the Presidential election is a wholly unnecessary disturbance of feeling, and it is good news from Washington that there seems to be a general disposition to consider and decide the question upon its merits.

ROANOKE COLLEGE.

THE consequences of the war were felt in the Southern States in nothing more sorely than in the prostration of the higher schools of learning. Undoubtedly when appeals were made for Northern assistance just after the war, it was felt that many of those institutions had been the especial nurseries of sectional sentiment, and undoubtedly also the feeling was well founded. But the tendency is largely explained by the nature of a college, and it is certainly not to be obviated by discountenancing colleges. The more general, and the higher and more thorough, education becomes in the Southern States, under the changed circumstances of the country, the more generous and national will be the local feeling. The great reason for bitter sectional alienation, the old conflict of two civilizations, has happily disappeared, and long and disturbed as the process of healing may be, it has unquestionably begun. The prompt and profuse sympathy and aid of the North during the Southern pestilence of the summer will not lead any intelligent man to condone any kind of wrong, but inevitably it will foster a kindly feeling, which is in the noblest sense patriotic and conservative.

There has been, especially in Boston, a great deal of sympathy felt for an institution called Roanoke College, at Salem, sixty miles west of Lynchburg, in Virginia, and within thirty miles of seven of the more noted watering-places in that State. The management of the college desire to furnish the best instruction, but so to control the cost of living that the yearly expense may not be beyond the means of any energetic young man, the whole expense of the collegiate year, indeed, to be about $200, exclusive of books and clothing. It would be thus a school of teachers. The college wishes to complete one of its buildings, to erect a hall, and to pay a small debt. For this it must depend upon friendly aid. The President, Mr. DREHER—a young man heartily devoted to his work, and whose New York address is 38 East Twenty-ninth Street—has found many friends in Boston, and we hope may find many in New York and elsewhere. His task is not grateful, but it is necessary.

PERSONAL.

THE late Bishop JANES ten years ago sent a Japanese student to the Methodist school at Wilbraham, Massachusetts, with a note of introduction, in which he said, "If no one undertakes to pay his bills, I will be responsible." The young man subsequently returned to Japan, and is now the minister from that country to the United States, and attends the Foundry Church in Washington.

—Mr. FREDERICK LEIGHTON, who has just been elected president of the British Royal Academy, is only forty-five, and the youngest man ever elected to that office except Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS, who was forty-five when he was elected president. When the Queen ratifies the election, it is customary to make the new incumbent a knight.

—The Rev. ARTHUR MURSELL, in a recent letter from this country published in London, says he met an editor in the cars on a night journey. His sleeping berth was above the one occupied by the editor. As they were both preparing to retire, the editor tossed a six-chambered revolver on his pillow. Mr. MURSELL asked if it was loaded. "Certainly," replied the editor; "it wouldn't be much use if it wasn't." "Well," said Mr. MURSELL, "please don't take it into your head to practice at the pattern of my bed, or it may prove worse than mosquitoes." "No, I won't; but you'll find a shootin'-iron convenient as you travel. There ain't always an identity of opinion, and it's well to have a means of settlement handy."

—The New York Press Club gave a very pleasant reception a few evenings since to Colonel J. M. KEATING, editor of the Memphis *Appeal*, in recognition of his fidelity to his duty as a journalist during the yellow fever epidemic. Colonel KEATING remained at his post during the whole of that reign of terror, when hundreds were dying around him, and thousands were seeking safety in flight.

—Our readers will remember that the extensive publishing establishment of Messrs. THOMAS NELSON & SONS in Edinburgh was destroyed by fire last April. In one hour that which had taken forty years to build up and organize was swept away. But though seriously crippled by the disaster, the Messrs. NELSON applied themselves with rare courage to the reorganization of their business, and with such success that, as their friends in America will be glad to learn, they expect to have 600 hands at work under their roof by the end of February. Mr. THOMAS NELSON, the head of the firm, has worked with tireless energy to effect this result, and has not been away a single day since the fire occurred. We beg leave to congratulate our friends on their recovery from disaster, achieved by qualities which give a new and forcible illustration of the maxim of the grand old pagan moralist: "Calamitas virtutis occasio est."

—The young King of Siam has appointed the Rev. S. G. M'FARLAND, D.D., to take charge of a government school in Bangkok, with a view to the establishment of a system of popular education of the people.

—The London *Court Journal* of November 23 mentions that Mr. BRET HARTE was then on a visit to England, and enjoying the hospitality of the Duke of St. Albans at Bestwood Lodge.

—Ex-Confederate General HOOD, who lost a leg in the late war, is alluded to in a New Orleans paper as having returned to that city from Texas, to remain permanently, and that he had with him his children, three pairs of twins—lively Hoods.

—Lord BEACONSFIELD is as quick and effective as ever in his thrusts at opponents who venture to tread upon his political toes. Recently he got off this little pleasantry on Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT: "The government of the world is carried on by sovereigns and statesmen, and not by anonymous paragraph writers, or the hare-brained chatter of irresponsible frivolity."

—Scientific men may be interested to know that Dr. BROWN-SÉQUARD, in a late letter to the French Biological Society, states that milk moderately warmed, if injected slowly into a human artery, will revive a dying patient quite as much as injections of blood. He cites several cases in which he has successfully tried the experiment.

—A Mr. HUNTER BLAIR has just given $100,000 to complete the Benedictine College and Monastery at Fort Augustus, and proposes to become a member of the order.

—Dr. BUSCH'S biography of Prince BISMARCK has caused great commotion among German princes, ministers, and other officials, who are appalled by its frankness. It is reported from Berlin that no work ever published in Prussia has produced so much irritation. Some noble families feel so much insulted that they propose to demand legal redress for his libels.

—Major DE WINTON, who comes to Canada as secretary to Governor LORNE, has seen much and varied service. He was in the Crimea, was military secretary and aide-de-camp to Sir FENWICK WILLIAMS in Canada, Nova Scotia, and Gibraltar, and shortly after the beginning of the late war was appointed special military *attaché* to the embassy at Constantinople. His wife did excellent service among the sick and refugees.

—Senator GORDON was a very much shot at and hurt man during the rebellion. A writer in the Atlanta *Constitution* says he was wounded five times when fighting as a colonel in the battle of Sharpsburg. The fifth ball entering his cheek brought him to the ground, and as he began to recover his senses this is the half dream and half colloquy that he carried on: "I have been struck in the head with a six-pound solid shot. It has carried away my head. On the left side there is a little piece of skull left. But the brain is gone entirely. Therefore I am dead. And yet I am thinking. How can a man think with his head shot off? And if I am thinking, I can not be dead. And yet no man can live after his head is shot off. I may have consciousness while dead, but not motion. If I can lift my leg, then I am alive. I will try that. Can I? Yes, there it is—lifted up! I'm all right!" The general says that every stage of this soliloquy is indelibly stamped on his mind, and that in his exhausted state the reasoning was carried on as logically as ever man reasoned at his desk.

—Hon. GEORGE S. HOUSTON, the new United States Senator elect from Alabama, is sixty-seven years of age, and has been in public life almost constantly since 1837. He served fourteen years in Congress, taking a prominent part in its proceedings. In 1865 he was elected United States Senator from Alabama, but was not permitted to take his seat. He was Governor of Alabama from 1874 to 1876, and his recent election to the United States Senate was quite complimentary, not a vote in the Upper House being cast against him, while in the Lower House he received 91 out of 93 votes.

—A little scene between Senator BLAINE and another is thus pleasantly narrated by the Washington correspondent of the Springfield (Massachusetts) *Republican*: "Scene, Pennsylvania Avenue. Time, Tuesday, after adjournment of the Senate. Weather warm and pleasant. Senator BLAINE strolling down the avenue meets an old acquaintance, Mr. J—— (the one-time private secretary of CHARLES SUMNER), who has just come out of a store with a package of figs in one hand and a fig in the other, which he is eating. BLAINE: 'Why, J——, how are you?' (They shake hands.) 'What are you eating?—give us one?' (BLAINE takes the package, extracts a couple of figs, chucks them in his mouth.) 'How's your health?' J——: 'Pretty fair.' BLAINE: 'How's your family?' J——: 'Well as usual, thank you.' BLAINE: 'Come around and see me. Good-day.' J——: 'Good-day, Senator.' BLAINE moves on down the avenue, looking every man in the eye; speaking cordially to every body he knows. This simple scene is a sample of the Senator's off-hand, hail-fellow-well-met style, which makes every body like him, whether they approve of his politics or not."

—"Mark Twain," now living in luxury in Germany, and writing only when the divine afflatus nudges him gracefully on, abandoning a château in Hartford, spacious, elegant, tasteful, filled with objects of *virtu* within, and bristling with lightning-rods atop, was in his earlier years subjected to all those unique experiences which lent a charm to the life of a pilot on the Mississippi. An old co-worker of his on that considerable stream says: "SAM CLEMENS was pilot and I was mate. He was not a great pilot, but he was a brave fellow. He didn't know what fear was. He never smiled, but was joking whenever he got a good chance. I believe he once saved my life, his own, and six others. Our steamer was lying above Cairo on a sand-bar. We were out of wood, and the captain ordered SAM, me, and six roustabouts to get in a yawl and row up the river and bring down a flat-boat loaded with wood. The river was full of floating ice. We rowed up on the opposite bank from the flat-boat. When we got into the channel a short distance I saw the danger we were encountering. The ice was liable to close in on us and drown us. I appealed to SAM to row back. There was an opening in the rear. SAM resolutely said 'No.' In another minute the ice broke in the path behind the boat, and crushed by with terrific force. Had we turned back when I suggested it, we would have been 'goners,' every one of us. SAM'S judgment was not questioned again on that trip."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS: In the Senate, on the 9th inst., Mr. Edmunds called up the Electoral Bill, but no action was taken. A resolution was agreed to asking the President for the reports of United States marshals relative to the elections in South Carolina and Louisiana. In the House a number of silver bills were offered. An unsuccessful attempt was made to suspend the rules and pass one of these for the recoinage of trade dollars into standard dollars. The vote stood 154 to 91, which was less than the required two-thirds. A resolution was offered declaring any discrimination by the banks against the silver dollar to be a defiance of the laws, and instructing the Banking Committee to report a bill for the withdrawal of the circulating notes of banks so offending; but this also failed by 150 to 89.—On the 10th, the Senate requested the House to furnish a copy of Anderson's testimony against Hon. Stanley Matthews. The House passed the Consular and Diplomatic, and also the Naval Appropriation bills.—On the 11th, Mr. Blaine addressed the Senate in support of his resolution on the election outrages in the South. Mr. Thurman replied, and offered an amendment to the resolution, so as to include in the inquiry certain alleged irregularities by the Republican party. The bill to regulate inter-State commerce passed the House by a vote of 139 to 101.—On the 12th, the Senate passed the Fortification Appropriation Bill, increasing the House sum by $225,000. The House passed the Pension Appropriation Bill, amounting to $29,366,000.

Governor Hampton, of South Carolina, was elected United States Senator on the 10th inst. On the same day one of his legs was amputated.

A violent rain-storm, followed by great floods, occurred on the 10th inst., reaching from the Atlantic coast west as far as Ohio, and north to Nova Scotia. The Hudson, Susquehanna, and Connecticut rivers were greatly swollen. Towns were inundated, houses flooded, bridges swept away, and millions of dollars of damage was done by the rising waters. On the Rutland division of the Central Vermont Railroad a culvert was undermined and a train was wrecked, causing the death of two persons. A train on the Montreal Railroad was also wrecked by a wash-out, near East Concord, and seven persons were injured.

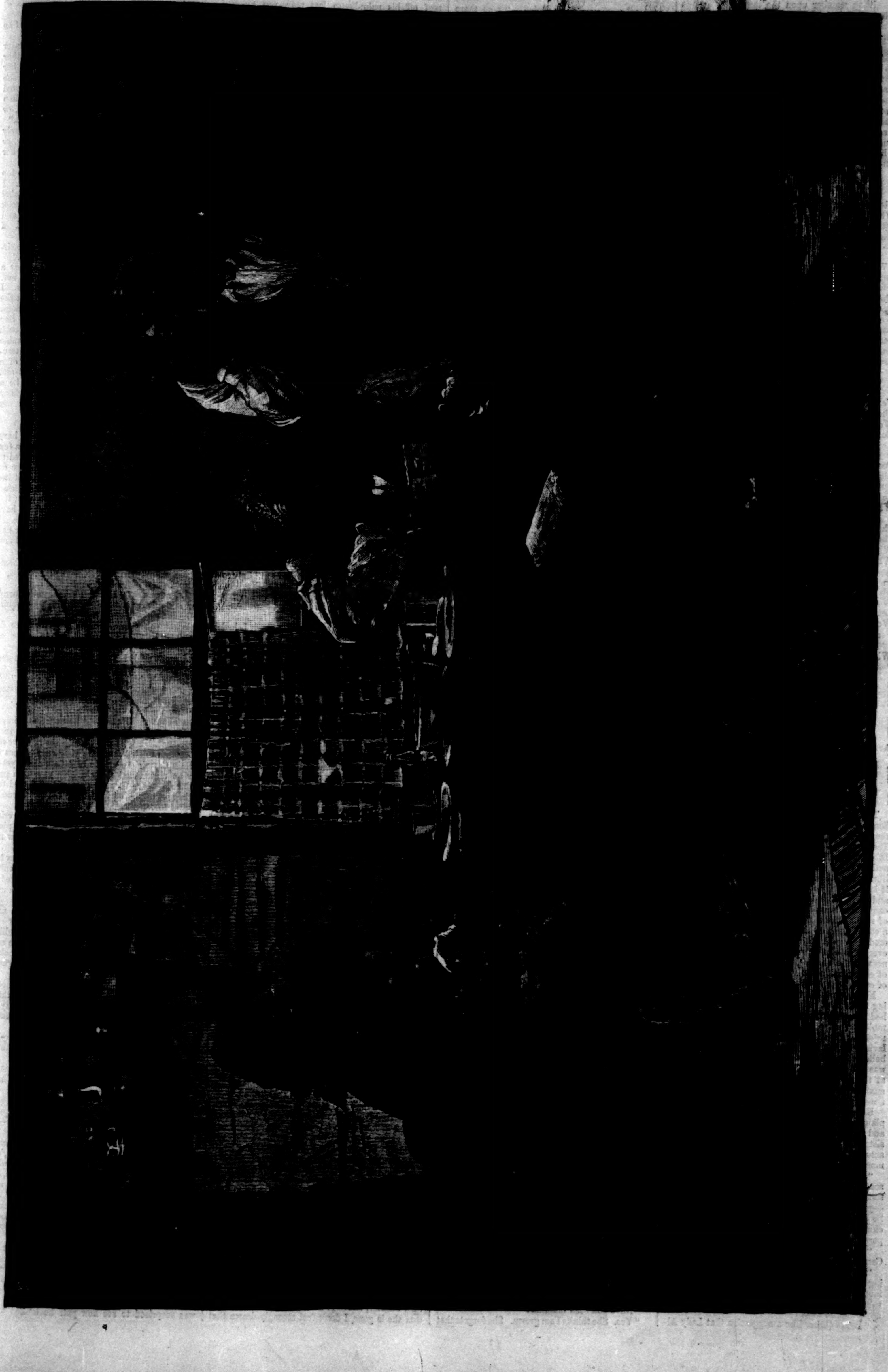
FOREIGN NEWS.

THE reply of the Ameer of Afghanistan to the Viceroy of India's ultimatum has been received. It is dated November 19, but not having reached Dakka before the 30th, it is believed in official quarters to have been rewritten after the capture of Ali-Musjeed. The Ameer, in acknowledging the receipt of the ultimatum, criticises the professed friendly intentions of the British government, and alludes to its action in the past, especially its intercession in behalf of Yakoob Khan, as contradictory of such intentions. The Ameer explains that his refusal to receive General Sir Neville Chamberlain's mission was not intended to be hostile, but arose from a fear of the loss of his independence—an apprehension which was confirmed by the allusion in the ultimatum to protection being given to the Khyberees who had been engaged in escorting the mission. The Ameer declares that no enmity exists between Afghanistan and the British government, that he desires to resume the former friendly relations, and, finally, that he will not resist the visit of a small temporary mission.—A correspondent of the London *Daily News*, in a dispatch dated Rawul Pindee, says he has some reason to believe that the Ameer has sent a relative and high dignitary to Major Cavagnari, at Dakka, beseeching the British to grant peace, and asking for no conditions. The correspondent does not assert this positively.—It is reported to the London *Daily Telegraph* that the Ameer has blown the commandant of Ali-Musjeed from a cannon's mouth.—In the British House of Lords, on the 9th inst., Lord Cranbrook, in moving the resolution that the expenses of the Afghan war be defrayed from the revenues of India, said the estimated Indian surplus was £2,136,000, therefore there would be a substantial surplus after paying the war expenses, which were estimated at less than £1,250,000 for the present financial year. He declared that the government assumed full responsibility for Lord Lytton. There was not room for both England and Russia in Afghanistan. The Ameer's letter was no answer to England's ultimatum, but a mere evasion. England must be paramount in Afghanistan, which must be a friendly janitor to the doors of India, or England must hold the key herself. Viscount Halifax moved the amendment censuring the government. On the following day Lord Beaconsfield spoke in reply to the opposition, and the House rejected the amendment by a vote of 201 to 65. In the House of Commons the resolution disapproving of the war was moved by Mr. Whitbread on the 9th.—On the 12th, Sir Stafford Northcote, replying to an inquiry in reference to his statement in the House, on the 9th inst., that the Russian envoy had left Cabool, said he had since been given to understand that only the Russian envoy, not the Russian mission, has been withdrawn from Cabool. He declared that England had not acquiesced, and would not acquiesce, in Russian interference in Afghanistan in that or any other form.

A dispatch from Constantinople states that Mahmoud Damad Pasha has been appointed Grand Master of Artillery. The Sultan has declared that the appointment of Karatheodori Pasha to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs implies the intention of carrying out the Treaty of Berlin, and that the new ministry was formed to satisfy Europe, and attempt internal reorganization. The new Grand Vizier, Kheireddin Pasha, has drafted a law proclaiming ministerial responsibility. He declares that religious equality will be upheld.

The Italian Chamber of Deputies, by a vote of 257 to 185, on the 11th, rejected an order of the day expressing confidence in the ability of the government to maintain order with liberty.

DISTRACTION.—[DRAWN BY E. A. ABBEY.]



DRAWN ON THE JURY.—[DRAWN BY S. G. M'CUTCHEON.]

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.

MORTALS.

Hist, thou watcher upon the tower:
What of the night, and what of the hour?
What is the message thou seemst to hear,
Borne on the breath of the passing year?

WATCHER.

Oh! what do I hear, ye mortal men,
But wonders no tongue may tell again!
I see the gleam of a glory bright,
That only could fall from the realms of light.
The spirits of air are round me now;
Their soft wings hover above my brow.
I see the gates of yon heaven unfurled,
And a radiance fall on a waiting world.
I hear the notes of an angel song,
And the words of the anthem sweet and long—
Gloria in excelsis!

MORTALS.

Hist, thou watcher—the angels sing:
What to the world does the music bring?
What gift is ours from that realm so high
That the clouds are riven in yonder sky?

WATCHER.

"What gift," ye mortals of anxious mind?—
One that ye never on earth could find;
One that the prophets and sages old
Through weary ages in love foretold;
One that, when Judah longed for a sign,
Was born of the Virgin of David's line;
One that the Magi sought afar,
Led to His feet by a wandering star;
One for whom angels on Bethlehem's plain
Sounded in triumph the wondrous strain—
Gloria in excelsis!

MORTALS.

Yea, watcher, we know; but our hearts are cold;
The song seems dull and the story old.
We twine our holly and wreathe our bays,
But our souls sing weakly their songs of praise.

WATCHER.

Poor mortals, I know your hearts are weak:
Like the men of Judah, a sign ye seek.
But is it not given? At Christmas-tide,
Lo! the gates of heaven are opened wide;
When the year grows old with its weight of tears,
Then softly the Lord of Love appears;
The air gleams bright with the light that shone
When Mary's arms were the Monarch's throne;
Where hand clasps hand, and the hearth fire glows,
In endless measure His mercy flows.
Oh! I stand on the tower and I reach the skies:
Would ye see what I see, let your spirits rise;
Let your hearts grow warm and your souls aspire,
Would ye catch the gleam of celestial fire;
For Earth shall be loosed from her pain and wrong
When mortals shall sing the angel song—
Gloria in excelsis!

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1137.]

VIXEN.

By MISS M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Dead Men's Shoes," "Hostages to Fortune," "An Open Verdict," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XV.

RORIE ASKS A QUESTION.

The library was one of the finest rooms at Southminster. It was not like the library at Althorpe—a collection for a nation to be proud of. There was no priceless Decameron, no Caxton Bible, no inestimable Book of Hours, or early Venetian Virgil; but as a library of reference, a library for all purposes of culture or enjoyment, it left nothing to be desired. It was a spacious and lofty room, lined from floor to ceiling with exquisitely bound books; for, if not a collector of rare editions, Lord Southminster was at least a connoisseur of bindings. Creamy vellum flowered with gold, antique brown calf, and Russia in every shade of crimson and brown, gave brightness to the shelves, while the sombre darkness of carved oak made a background for this variety of color.

Not a mortal in the crowded library this evening thought of looking at the books. The room had been transformed into a bazar. Two long tables were loaded with the wedding gifts which rejoicing friends and aspiring acquaintances had lavished upon Lady Almira. Each gift was labelled with the name of the giver; the exhibition was full of interest. Most of the people looking at the show had made their offerings, and were anxious to see if their own particular contributions appeared to advantage.

Here Mrs. Scobel was in her element. She explained every thing, expatiated upon the beauty and usefulness of every thing. If she had assisted at the purchase of all these gifts, or had actually chosen them, she could not have been more familiar with their uses and merits.

"You must look at the silver candelabra presented by Sir Ponto's work-people, so much more sensible than a bracelet. I don't think Garrard—yes, it is Garrard—ever did any thing better. So sweetly mythological; a goat and a dear little chubby boy, and ever so many savage-looking persons with cymbals."

"The education of Jupiter," suggested Captain Carmichael.

"Of course. The savage persons must be teaching him music. Have you seen this liqueur cabinet, dear Mrs. Tempest? The most exquisite thing, from the servants at Southminster. Could any thing be nicer?"

"Looks rather like a suggestion that Lady Almira may be given to Curaçoa on the quiet," said the captain.

"And this lovely, lovely screen in crewels, by the Ladies Ringwood, after a picture by Alma Tadema," continued Mrs. Scobel. "Was there ever any thing so perfect? And to think that our poor mothers worked staring roses and gigantic lilies in Berlin wool and glass beads, and imagined themselves artistic!"

The ladies went the round of the tables, in a crush of other ladies, all rapturous. The Louis Quatorze fans, the carved ivory, the Brussels point, the oxidized silver glove-boxes, and malachite blotting-books; the pearls, turquois, ormolu; the antique candles and candlesticks; Queen Anne tea-pots; diamond stars, combs, tiaras; prayer-books and Christian Years. The special presents which stood out from this chaos of commonplace were a rivière of diamonds from the Earl of Southminster, a Cashmere shawl from her Majesty, a basket of orchids (valued at five hundred guineas) from Lady Ellangowan, a pair of priceless crackle jars, a Sèvres dinner service of the old bleu-du-roi, a set of knives of which the handles had all been taken from stags slaughtered by the Southminster hounds.

"This is all very well for the wall-flowers," said Captain Carmichael to Violet, "but you and I are losing our dances."

"I don't much care about dancing," answered Vixen, wearily.

She had been looking at this gorgeous display of bracelets and tea-cups, silver-gilt dressing-cases and ivory hair-brushes, without seeing any thing. She was thinking of Roderick Vawdrey, and how odd a thing it was that he should seem so utter a stranger to her.

"He has gone up into the ducal circle," she said to herself. "He is translated. It is almost as if he had wings. He is certainly as far away from me as if he were a bishop."

They struggled back to the picture-gallery, and here Lady Ellangowan took possession of Violet, and got her distinguished partners for all the dances till supper-time. She found herself receiving a gracious little nod from Lady Mabel Ashbourne in the ladies' chain. Neither two years nor foreign travel had made any change in the hope of the Dovedales. She was still the same sylph-like being, dressed in palest green, the color of a duck's egg, with diamonds in strictest moderation, and pearls that would have done honor to a princess.

"Do you think Lady Mabel Ashbourne very beautiful?" Vixen asked Lady Ellangowan, curious to hear the opinion of experience and authority.

"No; she's too shadowy for my taste," replied her ladyship, who was the reverse of sylph-like. "Wasn't there some one in mythology who fell in love with a cloud? Lady Mabel would just suit that sort of person. And then she is over-educated and conceited—sets up for a modern Lady Jane Grey, quotes Greek plays, I believe, and looks astounded if people don't understand her. She'll end by establishing a female college, like Tennyson's Princess."

"Oh, but she is engaged to be married to Mr. Vawdrey."

"Her cousin? Very foolish! That may go off by-and-by. First engagements seldom come to any thing."

Violet thought herself a hateful creature for being inwardly grateful to Lady Ellangowan for this speech.

She had seen Roderick spinning round with his cousin. He was a good waltzer, but not a graceful one. He steered his way well, and went with a strong swing that covered a great deal of ground; but there was a want of finish. Lady Mabel looked as if she were being carried away by a maelstrom. And now people began to move toward the supper-rooms, of which there were two, luxuriously arranged with numerous round tables, in the way that was still a novelty when *Lothair* was written. This gave more room for the dancers. The people for whom a ball meant a surfeit of Perigord pie, truffled turkey, salmon mayonnaise, and early strawberries, went for their first innings, meaning to return to that happy hunting ground as often as proved practicable. Violet was carried off by a partner who was so anxious to take her to supper that she felt sure he was dying to get some for himself.

Her cavalier found her a corner at a snug little table, with three gorgeous matrons. She ate a cutlet and a tea-spoonful of peas, took three sips from a glass of Champagne, and wound up with some strawberries, which tasted as if they had been taken by mistake out of the pickle jar.

"I'm afraid you haven't had a very good supper," said her partner, who had been comfortably wedged between two of the matrons, and consuming mayonnaise and pâté to his heart's content.

"Excellent, thanks; and I shall be glad to make room for some one else." Whereat the unfortunate young man was obliged to stand up, leaving the choicest morsel of truffled goose liver on his plate.

The crowd in the picture-gallery was thinner when Violet went back. In the doorway she met Roderick Vawdrey.

"Haven't you kept a single dance for me, Violet?" he asked.

"You didn't ask me to keep one."

"Didn't I? Perhaps I was afraid of Captain Carmichael's displeasure. He would have objected, no doubt."

"Why should he object, unless I broke an engagement to him?"

"Would he not? Are you actually free to be asked by any one? If I had known that two hours ago! And now I suppose your programme is full. Yes, to the very last galop; for which, of course, you won't stop. But there's to be an extra waltz presently. You must give me that."

She said neither yes nor no, and he put her hand through his arm, and led her up the room.

"Have you seen mamma?"

"Yes. She thinks I am grown. She forgets that I was one-and-twenty when we last met. That does not leave much margin for growing, unless a man went on getting taller indefinitely, like Lord Southminster's palms. He had to take the roof off his palm-house last year, you know. What a dreadful thing if I were to become a Norfolk giant—giants are indigenous to Norfolk, aren't they?—and were obliged to take the roof off Briarwood! Have you seen the duchess?"

"Only in the distance. I hardly know her at all, you know."

"That's absurd. You ought to know her very well. You must be quite intimate with her by-and-by, when we are all settled down as steady-going married people."

The little gloved hand on his arm quivered ever so slightly. This was a distinct allusion to his approaching marriage.

"Lovely room, isn't it? Just the right thing for a ball. How do you like the Rubens? Very grand—a magnificent display of carmines—beautiful, if you are an admirer of Rubens. What a draughtsman! The Italian school rarely achieved that freedom of pencil. Isn't that Greuze enchanting? There is an innocence, a freshness, about his girlish faces that nobody has ever equalled. His women are not Madonnas, or Junos, or Helens—they are the incarnations of girlhood; girlhood without care or thought; girlhood in love with a kitten, or weeping over a wounded robin-redbreast."

How abominably he rattled on! Was it the overflow of joyous spirits? No doubt. He was so pleased with life and fate that he was obliged to give vent to his exuberance in this gush of commonplace.

"You remind me of Miss Bates in Jane Austen's *Emma*," said Vixen, laughing.

The band struck up "Trauriges Herz," a waltz like a wail, but with a fine swing in it.

"Now for the old three-time," said Roderick; and they were sailing smoothly over the polished floor, with all the fair pictured faces, the crimson draperies, the sad Madonnas, Dutch boors, Italian temples, and hills, and skies, circling round them like the figures in a kaleidoscope.

"Do you remember our boy-and-girl waltzes in the hall at the Abbey House?" asked Rorie.

Happily for Vixen her face was so turned that he could not see the quiver of her lips, the sudden look of absolute pain that paled her cheeks.

"I am not likely to forget any part of my childhood," she answered, gravely. "It was the one happy period of my life."

"You don't expect me to believe that the last two years have been altogether unhappy."

"You may believe what you like; you, who knew my father, ought to know—"

"The dear squire! do you think I am likely to undervalue him, or to forget your loss? No, Violet, no. But there are compensations. I heard of you at Brighton. You were very happy there, were you not?"

"I liked Brighton pretty well. And I had Arion there all the while. There are some capital rides on the Downs."

"Yes, and you had agreeable friends there."

"Yes, we knew a good many pleasant people, and went to a great many concerts. I heard all the good singers, and Madame Goddard ever so many times."

They went on till the end of the waltz, and then walked slowly round the room, glancing at the pictures as they went by. The duchess was not in sight.

"Shall we go and look at the palms?" asked Roderick, when they came to the archway at the end of the gallery.

"If you like."

"This was the roof that had to be taken off, you know. It is a magnificent dome, but I dare say the palms will outgrow it within Lord Southminster's time."

It was like entering a jungle in the tropics, if one could fancy a jungle paved with encaustic tiles, and furnished with velvet-covered ottomans for the repose of weary sportsmen.

There was only a subdued light, from lamps thinly sprinkled among the ferns and flowers. There were four large groups of statuary, placed judiciously, and under the central dome there was a fountain, with Neptune wooing Tyro, under the aspect of a river-god, amongst bulrushes, lilies, and water-plants.

Violet and her companion looked at the tropical plants, and admired, with a delightful ignorance of the merits of these specimens. The tall shafts and the thick tufts of huge leaves were not Vixen's idea of beauty.

"I like our beeches and oaks in the Forest ever so much better," she exclaimed.

"Every thing in the Forest is dear," said Rorie.

Vixen felt, with a curious choking sensation, that this was a good opening for her to say something polite. She had always intended to congratulate him, in a straightforward, sisterly way, upon his engagement to Lady Mabel.

"I am so glad to hear you say that," she began. "And how happy you must be to think that your fate is fixed here irrevocably; doubly fixed now; for you can have no interest to draw you away from us, as you might if you were to marry a stranger. Briarwood and Ashbourne united will make you the greatest man among us."

"I don't highly value that kind of greatness, Violet—a mere question of acreage; but I am glad to think myself anchored for life on my native soil."

"And you will go into Parliament and legislate for us, and take care that we are not disforested. They have taken away too much already with their horrid inclosures."

"The inclosures will make splendid pine woods by-and-by."

"Yes, when we are all dead and gone."

"I don't know about Parliament. So long as my poor mother was living I had an incentive to turn senator, she was so eager for it. But now that she is gone, I don't feel strongly drawn that way. I suppose I shall settle down into the approved pattern of country squire: breed fat cattle—the aristocratic form of cruelty to animals—spend the best part of my income upon agricultural machinery, and lecture delinquents at quarter-sessions."

"But Lady Mabel will not allow that. She will be ambitious for you."

"I hope not. I can fancy no affliction greater than an ambitious wife. No. My poor mother left Mabel her orchids. Mabel will confine her ambition to orchids and literature. I believe she writes poetry, and some day she will be tempted to publish a small volume, I dare say: Æolian Echoes, or Harp Strings, or Broken Chords, or Consecutive Fifths, or something of that kind."

"You believe!" exclaimed Vixen. "Surely you have read some of Lady Mabel's poetry, or heard it read. She must have read some of her verses to you."

"Never. She is too reserved, and I am too candid. It would be a dangerous experiment. I should inevitably say something rude. Mabel adores Shelley and Browning; she reads Greek too. Her poetry is sure to be unintelligible, and I should expose my obtuseness of intellect. I couldn't even look as if I understood it."

"If I were Lady Mabel, I think under such circumstances I should leave off writing poetry."

"That would be quite absurd. Mabel has a hundred tastes which I do not share with her. She is devoted to her garden and hot-houses. I hardly know one flower from another, except the Forest wildlings. She detests horses and dogs. I am never happier than when among them. She reads Æschylus as glibly as I can read a French newspaper. But she will make an admirable mistress for Briarwood. She has just that tranquil superiority which becomes the ruler of a large estate. You will see what cottages and schools we shall build. There will not be a weed in our allotment gardens, and our farm laborers will get all the prizes at cottage flower shows."

"You will hunt, of course?"

"Naturally: don't you know that I am to have the hounds next year? It was all arranged a few days ago. Poor Mabel was strongly opposed to the plan. She thought it was the first stage on the road to ruin; but I think I convinced her that it was a natural thing for the owner of Briarwood; and the duke was warmly in favor of it."

"The dear old kennels!" said Vixen; "I have never seen them since—since I came home. I ride by the gate very often, but I have never had courage to go inside. The hounds wouldn't know me now."

"You must renew your friendship with them; and you will hunt, of course, next year?"

"No, I shall never hunt again."

"Oh, nonsense! I hear that Captain Carmichael is a mighty Nimrod—quite a Leicestershire man. He will wish you to hunt."

"What can Captain Carmichael have to do with it?" asked Vixen, turning sharply upon him.

"A great deal, I should imagine, by next season."

"I haven't the least idea what you mean."

It was Roderick Vawdrey's turn to look astonished. He looked both surprised and angry.

"How fond young ladies are of making mysteries about these things!" he exclaimed, impatiently; "I suppose they think it enhances their importance. Have I made a mistake? Have my informants misled me? Is your engagement to Captain Carmichael not to be talked about yet—only an understood thing among your own particular friends? Let me at least be allowed the privilege of intimate friendship. Let me be among the first to congratulate you."

"What folly have you been listening to?" cried Vixen; "you, Roderick Vawdrey, my old play-fellow—almost an adopted brother—to know me so little!"

"What could I know of you to prevent my believing what I was told? Was there any thing strange in the idea that you should be engaged to Captain Carmichael? I heard that he was a universal favorite."

"And did you think that I should like a universal favorite?"

"Why should you not? It seemed credible enough, and my informant was positive; he saw you together at a ball at Brighton. It was looked upon as a settled thing by all your Brighton friends."

"By Captain Carmichael's friends, you mean. They may have looked upon it as a settled thing that he should marry some one with plenty of money, and they may have thought that my money would be as useful as any one else's."

"Violet, are you mystifying me? are you trying to drive me crazy? or is this the simple truth?"

"It is the simple truth."

"You are not engaged to this man?—you never have been?—you don't care for him, never have cared for him?"

"Never, never, never, never!" said Violet, with unmistakable emphasis.

"Then I have been the most consummate—"

He did not finish his sentence, and Violet did not ask him to finish it. The ejaculation seemed involuntary. He sat staring at the palms, and said nothing for the next minute and a half, while Vixen unfurled her great black and gold fan, and looked at it admiringly, as if she had never seen it before.

"Do you really think those palms will break through the roof again in the present Lord Southminster's time?" Roderick inquired presently, with a tone of intense interest.

Vixen did not feel herself called upon to reply to a question so purely speculative.

"I think I had better go and look for mamma and Mrs. Scobel," she said; "they must have come back from the supper-room by this time."

Roderick rose and offered her his arm. She was surprised to see how pale he looked when

they came out of the dusk into the brilliant light of the gallery. But in a heated room, and between two and three o'clock in the morning, a man may naturally be a little paler than usual.

Roderick took Violet straight to the end of the room, where his quick eye had espied Mrs. Tempest in her striking black and scarlet costume. He said nothing more about the duchess or Lady Mabel; and, indeed, took Violet past the elder lady, who was sitting in one of the deepest windows with Lady Southminster, without attempting to bring about any interchange of civilities.

"Captain Carmichael has been kind enough to go and look for the carriage, Violet," said Mrs. Tempest. "I told him we would join him in the vestibule directly I could find you. Where have you been all this time? You were not in the Lancers. Such a pretty set—all sides, like an old-fashioned country-dance. Oh, here is Mrs. Scobel!" as the vicar's wife approached them on her partner's arm, in a state of utter dilapidation—not a bit of tulle puffing left, and all her rose-buds crushed as flat as dandelions.

"Such a delightful set!" she exclaimed, gaspingly.

"I'm afraid your dress has suffered," said her partner.

"Not in the least," protested Mrs. Scobel, with the fortitude of that lady-like martyr to a clumsy carver, celebrated by Sydney Smith, who, splashed from head to foot, and with rills of brown gravy trickling down her countenance, vowed that not a drop had reached her.

"This," says the reverend wit, "I esteem the highest triumph of civilization."

"Your carriage will be the third," the captain told Mrs. Tempest, while Roderick was putting Violet's cloak round her in the vestibule; "there are a good many people leaving already."

Roderick went with them to the carriage door, and staid in the porch till they were gone. The last object Vixen saw under the Southminster lamps was the pale grave face of her old playfellow.

He went straight from the porch to the supper-room, not to find himself a place at one of the snug little tables, but to go to the buffet and pour out a glass of brandy, which he drank at a draught. Yet, as a rule, there was no man more abstemious than Roderick Vawdrey.

A quarter of an hour afterward he was waltzing with Lady Mabel—positively the last dance before their departure.

"Roderick," she said, in an awe-stricken undertone, "I am going to say something very dreadful. Please forgive me in advance."

"Certainly," he said, with a somewhat apprehensive look.

"Just now, when you were talking to me, I fancied you had been drinking brandy."

"I had."

"Absolute undiluted brandy!"

"Neat brandy, sometimes denominated 'short.'"

"Good heavens! were you ill?"

"I had had what people call a turn."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHRISTMAS AT NEW YORK, 1778.

CHRISTMAS a hundred years ago opened upon New York chill, bleak, disheartening. Around the beleaguered city, already menaced by the patriot armies, the ice and snow of December gathered with its usual severity. It was not so cold a winter as the next, when the Hudson was frozen over to the Jersey shore, and the English sentinels watched carefully at night lest WASHINGTON might cross the river as he had crossed the Delaware at Trenton. But the season of 1778–79 was sufficiently severe to cover the fallen city with want and pain. It was, in fact, almost a desolate waste. Two great fires had ravaged its fairest regions. The ruins of Trinity Church, the blackened sites of the fine houses on Broadway, the destruction of the stores, warehouses, around Whitehall, had left little trace of the gay and wealthy city, which KALM, in 1749, described as one of the fairest he had seen. From St. Paul's Church to the Bowling-Green, almost to the East River, spread a waste, ruined, abandoned, where the fire of 1776 had swept away the homes of the wealthy, and left behind a desert. But the scene was not a solitary one. Among the ruins had clustered the poor and miserable, the fugitives and criminals. Here they had built themselves tents, huts, any thing to shield them from the biting cold. It was the saddest spectacle of New York a hundred years ago to wander amidst these ruins along Broadway, hear the wild shouts of drunken revelry, the groans of the sick and sad, the profanity of despair.

There was another spectacle almost as sad, enlightened only by the fiery gleam of heroism. The prisons were crowded with the patriot soldiers; a huge building in Liberty Street contained in 1776–77 several thousand. It was a tall chill edifice, bare, bleak, uncomfortable; the winds pierced through its shutterless windows, crevices, floors; the rain and snow beat upon its helpless inmates. They had no fires in the fiercest cold, scarcely clothes to shelter them, no lights, and food so scanty and foul that it seemed the aim of their captors to destroy them. They pined and perished in the dismal winter; they wasted away with fearful diseases, untended; they sometimes dreamed a soft dream of home, and died. Thousands were shut up in prison-ships on the Long Island shore; here, too, they lived, perished, without lights or fire in the pitiless winter cold, were famished, carried off by diseases; the bones of the dead may be found in heaps on the silent shores. When the fierce winds wept down from the Highlands over fields of ice, it bore with it disease and death to thousands of the hopeless prisoners. They were often the flower of the youth of a prosperous land. Fair and stalwart young men from the Jerseys, the children of wealthy farmers, merchants; the active volunteers from Connecticut; patriots of New York; soldiers from all the Northern armies—filled the British prisons and tasted the unknown horrors of captivity. They might have been set free, have lived at ease, could they have sold themselves and their honor: they might have joined the foe. They preferred imprisonment, death. A matchless heroism glowed in the chill prison in Liberty Street that should make its site immortal. Its prisoners died for us.

Looking down upon New York in the winter of 1778–79, one would see a line of intrenchments stretching along the heights at Grand Street; the sentries pacing steadily amidst cold and snow; the encamped forces guarding the upper part of the island; a single road, now the Bowery, leading out into the wilderness of farms and country-seats that stretched from river to river. The environs of New York were beautiful, but no longer safe. A party of patriots penetrated to Colonel DELANCEY'S house at Bloomingdale, and drove the family to take shelter in the woods. The Baroness RIEDESEL trembled in the midst of her fine apartments on the East River. Above the fortified lines the country-seats on Murray Hill, Richmond Hill, and even what is now Fourteenth Street, were far away in the country: beautiful, hidden in summer in blossoms and flowers, but always visited, Baroness RIEDESEL tells us, by acute ague and fever. Scarcely any one escaped the disease. Once nearly her whole family were stricken down, but she remained well enough to nurse them. Below the intrenchments the country, fields and farms, reached to what is now known as the Park. With St. Paul's Church, and St. George's in Beekman Street, began the thickly settled part of the city. Wall Street, Pine, William, had escaped the flames; the best houses were seized upon by the Tory leaders. For the citizen of New York a hundred years ago there was little ease or peace. Many were ruined by the fires, confiscations, taxes; royal officers were quartered upon all those who were still in good circumstances; but the great cost of living compared to the happy past, the high price of food, dress, the difficulty of getting wood, fuel of any kind, the intense cold, the broad waste of ruin, covered the citizens with a lasting gloom. Christmas came no longer as it once had done, rich with abundance, with fat turkeys and heavy chines of beef, with sausages, olycooks, waffles, the flow of good cheer, and pleasant congratulations. Poverty, intense and pitiable, prevailed in many a household. Want, terrible and unknown before, hid amidst the huts of Canvastown; the appeals for charity were incessant. The "rebel" families would find little tenderness at the hands of the ruling faction; for their own adherents, the sufferers in the "cause," the Tories showed often a lavish generosity. Plays were performed by the British officers for the benefit of the widows, orphans, the sufferers of the loyal party; collections were taken up in the churches. Yet even the triumphant forces suffered endless privations, and Baroness RIEDESEL shivered for want of fuel in her spacious apartments.

The Tories were fanciful, impetuous, often intelligent; they lived in a dim world of the mediæval past; their minds were filled, like ANDRÉ'S, with dreams of tournaments, knights, chivalry; their heroes were the barbarians of the days of the TUDORS and STUARTS; they were often sincere; the intense loyalty of the Tory families to the traditions of the English monarchy was as fixed and truthful as any conviction can be. By the aid of the British army they had hoped to scatter the Americans like leaves; they could scarcely understand how the rebels could for a moment resist. CLINTON, BURGOYNE, HOWE, had at first shared in this confidence, and fancied that their great fleets and armies must easily suppress the rebellion. They found soon that they were fighting against intelligence with inferior minds, with a dull mediæval loyalty against undoubted patriotism. By Christmas, 1778, they must have seen their error. They crouched within the chill intrenchments of New York exposed to the rage of a continent. Even in New York they could never have felt safe. Its people were ever of doubtful loyalty. The Tories had shown no tenderness toward their opponents; they ruled over the fallen city with a contemptuous rigor. The "rebel" was an outcast from society; his property was confiscated; even his religion was profaned. The Tories were rigorous High-Churchmen; they closed all the Dissenting churches, and turned them into riding-schools or prisons. The great Middle Dutch Church, the pride of New Amsterdam, had been stripped of its ornaments, its pews used for fuel, its spacious interior defiled by the hostlers and jockeys of the invading army. Nothing could be more unwise than the conduct of the Tories; had they shown leniency, they would have received it. But after seven years of intolerable tyranny they were expelled 1783, impoverished, contemned, from the wasted ruins of New York.

In their brief rule they had thought it necessary to keep up an air of gayety, courtly elegance; to give dinners, balls, entertainments. They opened a theatre in John Street, performed the *Beau's Stratagem*; they diced, drank, shocked the nicer consciences of the republicans by a revival of the worst forms of European dissipation. At Philadelphia ANDRÉ had produced his mask and idle pageants in the midst of the pains of war. Every morning Sir HENRY CLINTON and his aides rode up Broadway, startled its ruins with the sound of martial music; the clatter of the horses' hoofs might be heard by the prisoners in Liberty Street. Balls, dinners, parties, followed each other with ceaseless variety. At one the Baroness RIEDESEL[1] presided. Her sufferings, her beauty, her intelligence, made her the queen of the evening. The provincial ladies delighted to do her honor. CLINTON and TRYON paid her especial attention. With sweeping trains and lofty head-dresses, with all the newest traits of European fashion, we may fancy the Tory ladies gathering in CLINTON'S spacious parlors on Broadway, gliding through country-dances, walking some stately minuet, and laboring to revive in the midst of their impending misfortunes the courtly elegance of St. James's. The Tories breathed defiance to all the world. France, Spain, might assume the cause of rebellion. The republicans might chase the invading forces over the Jerseys. They still believed in the invincible prowess of the royal arms, and lost themselves in mediæval dreams of courts and kings. It was almost a reflection of that insensate madness for warfare and conservatism with which the leader of the modern Tories has once more inspired his unlucky countrymen. On Christmas in New York, 1778, the church bells rang in the natal morn. The pomp of military services startled the afflicted city; but the promise of "peace on earth, good-will to men," seemed far from its fulfillment.

A hundred years have passed. Once more in New York the Christmas bells ring out the glad news, the song of the victory of freedom—"Peace on earth, good-will to men." The pomp and glory of the invading army have fled; the prison that rang with the groans of the patriots is forgotten; the bones of the dead from the prison-ships have mouldered long ago; the ruins of Broadway have been repaired a dozen times. Peace has made its home in the busy city; Tory and Whig, Dissenter, Churchman, the foreigner, the native, are united in the common name and impulses of Americans. The magnificent city has extended its homes, its warehouses, shops, over the fine country-seats where the Baroness RIEDESEL passed her unquiet summers, and the British officers made their morning exercise. A hundred years of freedom have made New York the second city on the globe for commerce, the third in population. The Christmas bells may well ring out its hopes, its cheer. Its future is full of happy omens. Here may the genius of peace, humanity, freedom, forever dwell, republican modesty and excellence find here a perpetual home!

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

[1] Mme. RIEDESEL came to New York December, 1779, and remained until 1781. Her natural descriptions are instructive.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE New York State Survey was begun in the summer of 1876, under an act of the Legislature, which appointed a board of seven commissioners, and made an appropriation of $20,000 for commencing the work.

The board appointed Mr. JAMES T. GARDNER director of the survey. It was determined that the first step should be a triangulation of the State of such high order of accuracy as to form a reliable basis for topographical surveys and for all measurements of public and private land boundaries. To facilitate the use of trigonometrical stations as reference points for local surveys, it was decided to mark them with granite posts projecting above the ground.

Taking as base a side of a United States Coast Survey primary triangle near Albany, Mr. GARDNER laid out in 1876 a chain of triangles following the Mohawk Valley, and extending from the Hudson 200 miles westward. The average length of the triangle sides is about thirty miles; the longest line about forty-seven. In 1877 signals were erected over the principal stations, secondary and tertiary points were selected and marked, and the final measurement of angles begun with a twelve-inch circle, reaching to seconds by means of three micrometers. Five primary, eighteen secondary, and fifteen tertiary stations were occupied during the season. Parts of eleven counties—an area of about 3000 square miles—were included in the work. From the thirty-eight occupied stations the geographical positions of 170 points (church spires and county boundary points) were determined.

In May, 1878, the Legislature passed a special act re-appointing for an indefinite time the board of commissioners, whose term had expired, and making an appropriation of $14,300 for continuing the triangulation.

Mr. GARDNER was again chosen director. The work of marking stations, and erecting proper signals, and scaffolds for elevating the large theodolite, was continued during the season in Central New York, and a chain of triangles was planned connecting the main east and west belt with the southern boundary of the State between Binghamton and Elmira. The final measurements of angles were made at five primary and five secondary stations, with twelve-inch horizontal and vertical circles, reaching to seconds by micrometers. The instrument was made by TROUGHTON & SIMMS, of London. Annual reports of progress are made to the Legislature of the State of New York.

The death of M. DELAFOSSE, Professor of Mineralogy in the Paris Museum of Natural History, is announced as having taken place on the 18th of October.

A Telegraphic Museum has been opened in Berlin for the purpose of containing a complete series of all the instruments used in the past and present time for telegraphic purposes.

A society for ornithology and the protection of birds has lately been established at Berlin, the object of which is to disabuse the public mind of the prejudices existing in regard to certain species, among them the English sparrow—a subject which has lately attracted much attention in this country.

It is thought that a large part of the present Paris Exhibition will be transferred to Sydenham Palace in London, for the purpose of a permanent museum of art and industry, as also a bazar where sales of the articles from Paris can be effected from samples. This is in large measure the controlling idea of the Permanent Exhibition at Philadelphia.

Advices from Professor NORDENSKJÖLD, as late as August 27, have been received by Mr. OSCAR DICKSON, the munificent patron of the expedition. At this time he had passed Cape Chelyuskin and had reached the mouth of the Lena without meeting any noteworthy obstacle from ice. The prospects of the completion of his trip toward Behring Straits are very satisfactory. The most serious impediment to the journey will doubtless be experienced in the vicinity of Cape Yakan. How soon we shall hear of the arrival of the party at some point on the Pacific coast is a question of special interest. The *Lena*—a small vessel which accompanied the *Vega*—ascended the Lena River, and arrived at Yakutsk on the 22d of September.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

IN Haddamneck, on the Connecticut River, there lived many years ago a farmer by the name of Stocking, whose sons and daughters from whim were given names beginning with the letter S. Thus there were Sarah Stocking, Samuel Stocking, Samantha Stocking, and nine other Stockings, with names beginning with the same letter. When the thirteenth Stocking was born a sort of family council was held, at which the minister and doctor assisted, to determine the name of the new arrival. The Bible was searched through, but it seemed as though the whole list of names beginning with the family letter had been appropriated, and great was the tribulation. At last a little Stocking seated in a corner of the room spoke up in his childish treble: "Say, father, don't you think you had better call the baby *Stop Stocking?*"

The class in German grammar is on the subject of genders. "Miss Flora, why is 'moon' masculine in German?" "So that she can go out alone nights, I suppose."

RECTOR'S DAUGHTER (*to friend*). "Ethel dear, would you rather be good and dowdy, or wicked and stylish?"

ETHEL (*promptly*). "Oh, wicked and stylish, wouldn't you?"

A Missouri woman keeps up a bar in her house for her husband to patronize, and in this way keeps him at home, besides getting all his money.

"We old maids," remarked Miss Stibbens, "love cats because we have no husbands, and cats are almost as treacherous as men."

Weddings are always fashionable.

A lot of boot-blacks sitting on a curb-stone may not be India rubber boys, though they are gutter perchers.

"I wonder, uncle," said a little girl, "if men will ever yet live to be five hundred or a thousand years old?" "No, my child," responded the old man; "that was tried once, and the race grew so bad that the world had to be drowned."

WE WILL WANDER BY THAT RIVER, THE BEAUTIFUL, THE BEAUTIFUL RIVER, IN THAT SWEET BY-AND-BY.

CHRISTMAS FAIRY GIFTS.—[See Page 1038.]

THE PASS OF BRANDER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

ALONG the Pass of Brander,
Full many a year ago,
There trudged a widow woman
Deep through the blinding snow.

A weary widow woman,
With sweet soft English tongue;
A stranger in the Highland glens,
Feeble, and pale, and young.

And with her simple story,
She passed from door to door:
"O give me just a piece of bread
And a night's rest once more.

"My husband was a sailor;
He hailed from Oban Bay;
I want to take his baby home,
And lay it where he lay:

"I'll lay it on his mother's breast,
And then I'll gladly go."
And she held up a thin, thin hand,
As white as any snow.

Along the Pass of Brander
The wind sank, soft and still;
The stars stood silently above
Ben Cruachan's mighty hill.

The Awe was like a river of glass,
And, doubled in its tide,
The great black Pass of Brander
Rose on the other side.

An eerie place to travel through;
But she was not afraid
Of ghost or wraith, of beast or man—
"I am too near God," she said.

The path grew longer, longer—
Such poor soft English feet!
But 'twas a brave young English heart,
Patient, and calm, and sweet.

At length her steps grew heavy as lead;
The baby woke and cried;
She stopped and fed it at her breast,
Upon the lone moor-side.

Then strange, strange thoughts came into her head;
She saw her cottage door;
She heard sweet English bells chime faint
Across the Highland moor.

Deep sleep was stealing o'er her lids,
A soft sleep, without pain:
She rose and clutched her baby tight,
And tried to walk again.

But vain the struggle, vain the toil;
"It is too late!" she cried.
And from Ben Cruachan's lofty top
She saw white angels glide.

"They'll robe me, without any lack,
In shining robes all new."
So one by one, to wrap the boy,
Her garments off she drew.

Warm sheltered, like young bird in nest,
She placed him by a stone,
Saying, "The angels watch thee, child,
Until this night be gone!"

Weeping—"If I should save thee, child,
No man will show me scorn."
Then lay down, white on the white snow,
As bare as babe new-born.

* * * * * * *

It is a brave young sailor:
He hails from Oban Bay:
His granddame's pride, his shipmates' boast,
So handsome, bold, and gay.

But his cheek will pale of a sudden,
And his tears gush like a tide,
If you name the Pass of Brander,
Where his English mother died.

NOTE.—This anecdote, which I have only localized, was told me as a fact by the late Dr. Norman Macleod. He had once referred to it in a sermon (preached, I believe, at Liverpool). After service a sailor came up and spoke to him: "Sir," with a burst of tears, "that story of yours was true. The woman was *my mother.*"

CHRISTMAS FAIRY GIFTS.

[See Double-page Illustration.]

IT was Christmas-eve; the hour was 8 P.M., and the weather, in the opinion of little Hetty and little Willie, was just what it ought to be, both in-doors and out-of-doors. Those of us who can afford to have warm clothes, snug fires, and as much as we want to eat and drink are generally pleased when Christmas comes in reality, as he always comes in pictures, that is, robed in garments of ice and snow. As Hetty and Willie had been coming home from their afternoon walk the sky was clear, the air was very sharp, and the muddy ruts in the lane were getting quite hard. Just, however, as they reached home, and as the red sun was sinking behind Farmer Cobley's biggest hay-stack, a sort of mist filled the air, and presently the soft, white, noiseless snow began to fall. It was the first snow of the winter, and Willie clapped his hands with delight.

It was past the usual hour of bed-time, but as it was Christmas-eve, the children were allowed to stay up rather later than usual. Their greatest delight, papa and mamma being abroad, was to sit before the fire on either side of Aunt Matilda, each with a hand clasped in one of hers, and to listen to her stories. She always began with the familiar words, "Once upon a time," and this evening her discourse was of fairies. Hetty and Willie heard with breathless interest of the bright little creatures clad in green, with scarlet plumes in their hats, who held their revels by moonlight, and danced so vigorously that the circles which they made were afterward visible to mortal eyes.

"But how is it, Aunt Matty?" asked Hetty, disconsolately, "that Willie and I never see any of these sweet little fairies?"

"I can not tell," answered Aunt Matty, "but it is said that they still visit houses on the night before Christmas-day, and if the children of the house have behaved well, they leave presents for them in the chimney."

"In the chimney!" laughed Willie. "What a funny place! Don't the fairies get very dirty?"

"I should suppose," answered his aunt, gravely, for she had a half belief that these airy beings were something more than creatures of the imagination—"I should suppose that nothing touches fairies unless they choose to let it touch them. Rain does not wet them, fire does not burn them, and soot does not blacken them."

"Don't I wish I was a fairy!" observed Willie. "I should then be able to go out in the wet without Susan crying out, 'Come in, Master Willie, you naughty boy; do you want to ketch your death of cold?'" So saying, he climbed on to a chair, and presently reached down his money-box from a shelf.

"I've got ninepence, Hetty," he said, triumphantly; "and I'm going to save up till I've got eighteenpence, and then I shall buy a present to send mamma."

"I've got a shilling," cried Hetty; "but I don't mean to send papa any thing till I've saved up two shillings, and then I mean to buy him a—"

What Hetty was going to buy for papa was never made known, her speech being interrupted by the entrance of Susan, who somewhat mysteriously summoned Aunt Matilda from the room.

She closed the door after her; but the children could hear that their aunt was talking to some one in the hall, who was sobbing and crying.

They opened the door gently, and ventured to peep out. There stood Mrs. Bostick, the wagoner's wife, her shawl and bonnet all powdered with snow, her face very pale, and her eyes very red. She looked like a ghost.

The children soon understood her story, though it was told amid sobs and tears. Her husband had been riding home on the shafts of the wagon, had slipped off, and the wheel had crushed his leg. He had been carried to the Cottage Hospital in the next parish; and although he had only just received his wages, no money had been found in his pockets. He had either spent it at the public-house, or it had fallen out of his pockets, or somebody had stolen it.

Hetty and Willie crept noiselessly across the hall, and each took Aunt Matilda by the hand. Hetty tried to pull her head down toward the right, Willie tried to pull her head down toward the left. They both wanted to whisper in her ear; but, as is often the case with children's whispers, the words were audible both to Susan and Mrs. Bostic.

This was what Willie said:

"I shall give Mrs. Bostick my ninepence. Mamma must wait till I've saved up more money."

And this was what Hetty said:

"Take my shilling for Mrs. Bostick; papa can do without a—" She interrupted herself by kissing Aunt Martha's ear-ring; and at the same moment that lady felt two hot tears roll down her neck.

The money-boxes were emptied, and presently Mrs. Bostick, with some still more substantial aid from Aunt Matilda, went away comparatively comforted.

"Dear me! how late it is!" exclaimed Aunt Matty, glancing at the clock. "You children must go to bed at once." And her last words, as she kissed them and tucked them in, were: "Don't dream of the fairies, my darlings, but when you get up in the morning, go and look in the chimney to see if the fairies have been there."

Neither of the children was able to take the first part of their aunt's advice, for—as it seemed to them—they dreamed all night long about fairies, and such like creatures.

"Oh! I'm quite sorry to wake," murmured Willie, in the morning. "I was standing under a plum-tree, and a dear little man in green was hanging on to the end of a branch, and was just going to drop a ripe plum into my mouth—"

"And I'm sorry to wake too," yawned Hetty, "for I was doing my wool-work, and I got into a mess with the pattern, when a lady, beautifully dressed, and only as big as my *littlest* doll, came and perched on my arm, and showed me how to do the work—oh! far better than Aunt Matty does. What a pity I woke!"

"I say, Hetty, do you remember what day it is?"

"Of course I do. Christmas-day."

"Doesn't it look jolly and white out-of-doors! I say, Hetty?"

"Well?"

"Shall we go and look up the chimney?"

"Yes; come along."

And so they went along, barefooted and hand in hand, as we see them in Mr. Holl's picture.

Something extraordinary had happened, that was certain. The poker and shovel and tongs, instead of being in their usual places, were laid crossways to the hearth. There was a row of boots in front of the fire-place, and there was something sticking up out of one of the boots. Why, it was a doll! With anxiously beating hearts they drew nearer and nearer.

Yes—there could be no doubt of it. The fairies had been there. And delightful fairies, too!—fairies who had taken the trouble to think of just the very things Hetty and Willie wanted, and had brought them. The only regret of the children was that they could not see the fairies; they would like to have thanked them for their kindness.

"That can not be," said Aunt Matilda, seriously. "In these days—whatever it was in times past—the fairies persist in remaining invisible. But you can easily thank them if you wish it."

"How?" asked Hetty and Willie, eagerly.

"By continuing to be good children. That is the best return you can make for the Fairy Gifts of Christmas."

CHINESE DIVINATION.

CHINESE fortune-tellers may be divided into two classes—those that are blind and those that can see. The former are usually led about the streets by boys, though occasionally they seem able to dispense with guides, and make their way from place to place alone. Some of them carry a kind of harp, which they play as they pass along the streets. Sometimes they carry a rattle, which consists of two small pieces of wood. These are held in one hand, and a peculiar effect is produced by different methods of striking them together. When struck in one manner the sound produced is much like *kok, kok*, but when struck in another it becomes *pok, pok*. These sounds when heard never fail to indicate the approach of a blind fortune-teller. This class of men seldom or never open a shop where they may be consulted, but traverse the streets and lanes, depending on incidental custom. The fortune-tellers whose eyesight is good are said to "see the fortunes" of their patrons. They seldom or never go about the streets seeking patronage, but generally open a shop or pavilion in some frequented street, where they receive visits from those who wish to consult them. The laws of the art are the same for both classes. There are rules which teach how to prognosticate by a reference to the precise time of the inquirer's birth, compared with the five elements, deducing a conclusion propitious or unpropitious. The blind fortune-teller labors under the great disadvantage of having to calculate the fortunes of his patrons without making constant reference to books, but depending principally on the accuracy and tenacity of his memory.

There are six different methods of fortune-telling practiced by the Chinese seers. First, by using the eight horary characters which denote the year, month, day, and hour of the inquirer's birth; second, by inspecting the countenance; third, by means of a bird and slips of paper; fourth, by the dissection of written characters; fifth, by the use of the tortoise-shell and three ancient coins; sixth, by an inspection of the earth and scenery, in order to fix upon a fortunate burial-place. The last is often called geomancy, but comes readily into the list of methods of fortune-telling, for it relates to the future fortunes of the descendants of the deceased whose burial-place is to be selected. The cheapest of these six methods of fortune-telling is by means of a bird and slips of paper, the charge being only four or six "cash"—a small copper coin worth about a tenth of a cent. The dearest and most tedious is the last mentioned—by geomancy. Oftentimes, in the case of rich families, several score of dollars are paid to the geomancer for selecting a propitious site for a grave.

The method of fortune-telling followed by the Celestial seers in our engraving on page 1041 is apparently by the dissection of written characters, though the Rev. JUSTUS DOOLITTLE, author of an interesting work upon *The Social Life of the Chinese*, published by the HARPERS, tells us that this class of fortune-tellers "seldom or never open a shop, but when engaged professionally they select a convenient spot by the side of a frequented street, and having arranged some oiled paper or cloth on the ground, with writing materials near by, look out for customers." These men generally carry with them a small box, which contains a quantity of small sheets of paper folded up. On the inside of each is written one Chinese character. The customer is requested to select or take at random two of these sheets, which he proceeds to do, one at a time. These are taken by the fortune-teller, opened, and the characters written upon them are noticed. He then proceeds to dissect each by writing out separately the distinct parts of which it is composed. Afterward he discourses on the subject about which inquiries have been made, making frequent reference to the meaning of the separate parts of the characters, and finally decides about it, usually in a knowing and authoritative manner. At other times he gives comprehensive hints and directions to his patron, so that he may not err in his future course—at least so far as the subject under consideration is concerned. Oftentimes, before the conclusion is reached, he adds strokes by an adroit use of his writing pencil to some or all of the parts of the characters under inspection, thereby making new words out of them, from whose meaning he draws wonderful inferences in regard to the good or bad fortune of the individual who is consulting him. It is averred that this class of fortune-tellers explain the characters dissected according to a fixed plan, and as they have previously decided to do, without special deviation in view of the apparent condition or character of the applicant.

One most important branch of the fortune-teller's business is the selection of "lucky days;" that is, the precise date upon which an applicant may undertake an enterprise which he has in contemplation with the greatest chance of success. The time selected always falls upon one of the days which in the imperial calendar is marked as lucky. Important business is never commenced on those days which the calendar marks as unlucky or unpropitious. If the question should be raised why it is necessary to consult the fortune-teller in regard to a fortunate day for the transaction of business when the imperial calendar has plainly indicated which are fortunate and which are unfortunate days, the answer would be that while certain days are generally fortunate, they are not fortunate to all persons alike. These days will prove unlucky days to those who are born during certain years, and this must be ascertained by application to those who are acquainted with the rules relating to the subject. It is scarcely necessary to say that the Chinese fortune-tellers make every effort to send their "guests" away pleased and satisfied, otherwise it is possible that experiments might be made in the way of getting along without them, the success of which might prove injurious to their now flourishing business.

OUR CHRISTMAS SUPPLEMENT.

NEVER yet was philosopher so wise or sage so sour that he would venture to dispute the fact that Christmas belongs to the children. Just as the Magi of the East left throne and place and power to offer gifts of frankincense and myrrh to the Royal Babe at Bethlehem, so the great ones of the earth turn from toil and care and ponderous issues to wreathe garlands and prepare feasts for the little ones on this hallowed day. Even *Harper's Weekly*, whose weighty office it is throughout the year to watch and record the doings of the adult world, never fails to make room for Santa Claus and all his fabled host during the glorious Christmas-tide. This year the bounteous treasures with which the publishers propose to win smiles from rosy little lips and delight tender little hearts have burst all bounds, and the only way has been to gather them up into a great Supplement which shall be the exclusive property of the tiny potentates for whose pleasure this beautiful series of pictures is designed. If they will come to the editor's side, he will be glad to spend an hour in turning the leaves with them.

See! it is but a glance away from the warm fireside, soon to be decorated with dainty little stockings bursting with mysterious wealth, and we are in old England, and outside the great theatre of Drury Lane. Within its walls hundreds of boys and girls have just watched with wondering eyes the progress of the great Christmas pantomime, with its hosts of fairies springing from rock to rock, poising on precipices, and winding in and out the mazes of the dance like animated jewels in a kaleidoscope. Now the music is still, the lights are out, and the fairies are again transformed into little human boys and girls like those that watched them, and one at least is glad to exchange the glitter and heat of the theatre for the soft shelter of a mother's breast. The fairies of the theatre sometimes come from very humble homes; for, after all, dancing behind the footlights in tinsel and gauze is only one of the ways in which little folks sometimes earn the living that their parents are too poor to provide.

But quick! turn the page. We must not linger, for we have a great deal of travelling to do, and first we are going to stop and see how people got about in old England a hundred years ago. We ourselves have an enchanted carpet that enables us to flit over land and sea at our own sweet will, but these poor unfortunate folk have only their stupid old coach and two pairs of dappled grays. This, then, is the state in which the king's highway was kept a century back. The poor horses are unable to drag the ponderous coach with its load up the muddy hill, and the stately dame and the pair of lovers she is chaperoning are compelled to get out and pick their way as best they can with the help of a lantern. The gallant youth is searching for the best place for the maiden's feet, while she encourages him by the clasp of her hand. Let them search, for we must hie away to Ireland. See what a poor land it is, little ones—all these poor unfortunate folk, half naked and very, very hungry, depending on the charity of their landlord for the meat that shall be eaten at their Christmas dinner. Could you follow them to their bare cabins, how your tender little hearts would ache to see the chill and comfortless room, where old and young huddle miserably together without one of the thousand comforts and luxuries which make your lives bright and lovely!

But we must leave them, these poor Irish people whom this terrible poverty drives in such numbers to our own dear country, and hie away to the far Northwest. Button up your overcoats, pull down the ear lappets, wind the mufflers round tight, for here we are in a land of snow and ice. What is Christmas like in Manitoba? You can imagine, for every now and then in winter, when the wind blows from the north, we too get a great white covering of beautiful snow laid over our bare brown earth. But what if it staid for months and months, blocking up our streets, burying up our houses, and only allowing us to get about by means of great snow-shoes? And what if our great strong horses were replaced by solemn-faced dogs, and it took a whole procession to draw one little sled?

But come! up and away! we are going halfway round the world. Off with the coats and furs, and pick up a fan, for in just the time that it takes to glance across the page we shall be in India. Oh! how far away! What is this funny old gentleman, with the curious head-gear, about? What is the grinning slave behind him doing? And how comes the dead tiger lying here, with his hideous mouth wide open? What a way for these two handsome gentlemen to spend their Christmas-tide, hunting tigers, picnicking in an Indian jungle, and amusing themselves by offering Champagne to the important-looking personage whose toilet harmonizes so little with his serious demeanor! Perhaps, however, they are not so far away from home of their own accord. It may be that they have been sent to India by the great Queen of England, who owns so much of this empire that she has a great many soldiers there all the time to see that the inhabitants respect her rights. It takes many weeks to make the long journey to India; and so when Christmas comes, instead of spending it in their English homes, where wreaths of evergreen deck the walls, and the roast beef and plum-pudding send up their delicious odors, these Englishmen are surrounded by strange scenes, and men and women with dusky faces, who know nothing of the precious holiday season, with its glorious memories and sweet associations.

But stop! while talking of England we have got away from all strange countries and curious people, and come upon two figures that might easily stand as portraits of some of the editor's little friends. Suppose now that he reads a little poem which the artist sends with his picture? There is something inspiring about these small

folk, and a sufficiently good-natured look in both bright faces to make it sure that they won't object to being commented upon in rhyme:

The sense of chivalry is slight
  Among such youthful folks as these,
So Johnny hauls with all his might
  To bring poor Katie to her knees.
What! let a soft-armed girl be master?
'Twould be a masculine disaster.

But Katie means to win the day,
  And get the better of the tussle;
For Johnny loves to make display
  Of his gigantic biceps muscle.
And won't she feel a thrill of joy,
Proving a girl can beat a boy?

Young people, when you're older grown,
  Some ten or fifteen winters hence,
The magic influence you'll own
  Of what is now an unfelt sense;
And John will meekly yield the prize,
Conquered by Katie's radiant eyes.

Now look at the opposite page, and learn something about the mysterious art of manufacturing dolls. Which among the little maids who spend so much time caressing Dolly know that most of her kind are of foreign birth, and come way across the sea, from England and the land of the Rhine, from Switzerland, and from France? In these countries there are many people—men, women, and even little girls like themselves—engaged in making dolls, one doing one thing, one another. Some carve the heads and bodies, others paint the faces and necks, others prepare legs and arms, and a different class cut, sew, and put on the dresses. What is most remarkable, these operations are seldom performed in one manufactory. Fragments of dolls are gathered from different places by dealers who buy them at wholesale, and take them where they can finally be put together. The great supply of cheap dolls comes from the continent of Europe; but the elaborately dressed lady, with moulded wax or composition face, with glass eyes, stuffed body, flaxen ringlets, and silken robes, is usually of English nativity. Dolly rose greatly in importance when she first began to move her eyes and to talk. She has never learned to say much beyond "Papa" and "Mamma," but even this necessitates the introduction of a curious mechanical contrivance within her little sawdust-stuffed body, that makes her very troublesome to manufacture and expensive to buy. Now that we have learned so much about the "doll-makers," where shall we look for the "doll-breakers?" Oh, the careless little hands and stumbling little feet! The way to find the doll-breakers is just to marshal the whole restless host of the editor's little friends up to a big looking-glass, where they shall see reflected the dainty forms whose small hands have pulled off Dolly's curls, picked out her eyes, cut open her poor body to find what was inside, and altogether used her so badly that she has often had to be thrown away and a new favorite provided.

Ah! whom have we here in this beautiful double-page engraving? "Beauty and the Beast." What an ugly beast, and what a beautiful— But stop!—the beast in the story suddenly turns into a strong and gallant prince, one blow of whose sword would take the editorial head right off its shoulders should it be guilty of harboring too much admiration for the prince's lovely lady. There's danger in the air, and we'll turn the page while the beast retains his canine form, and before he escapes from his mistress's arms. Mercy! where are we? Who's this? A Beef-eater? Well! He certainly is enough to scare any body; but, like a great many imposing-looking personages, when you come to study him out he isn't so very terrible, after all. A Beef-eater is just one of the Yeomen of the Guard, who form a part of the royal train that attends an English sovereign on great occasions. Their wonderful costumes are the same as those worn by the Beef-eaters in the time of Henry VII., and people that don't change their style of clothes for centuries get to looking very queer. Some day, if any of the little men and maids who read this go to visit the great Tower of London, where so many illustrious persons were imprisoned and such terrible murders took place, they will find several of these wonderful Beef-eaters; but instead of being frightened, they have only to speak to them politely, and a big Beef-eater, staff in hand, will accompany them through the great prison-house as a guide, and tell them many of the sad stories connected with its gloomy walls.

What is this on the opposite page? Beef—the famous "roast beef" of old England of which we hear so much in prose and rhyme. We will not linger here, but pass to the next picture, which brings us just about back to the point we started from; but this time we are within the theatre, and not outside in the cold of the streets. Who is this remarkable couple—the lady looking so coy and demure, and the gentleman so eager and interested? By their fantastic dress, and the good broad-sword worn by the latter, we know them for Harlequin and Columbine. But first you must be told who these wonderful people are. In the great Christmas pantomime given every year at the English theatres there are usually four principal personages—two very ardent lovers, and a tyrant and his assistant who are doing their best to prevent the course of true love from running smooth. Presently a good fairy comes along, and a transformation scene ensues, in which these people are changed into Harlequin and Columbine, Pantaloon and the Clown. The motley quartette is sent away for a period on a tour or chase, the termination of which takes place at the will of the fairy. During this chase the object of the Clown is the capture of Columbine; but Harlequin is provided by the fairy with a magic sword, with which he is usually able to thwart all such designs and protect his mistress. Pantaloon is generally a very funny old man, and the Clown, who no longer recognizes him as his master, makes him the butt of an alarming series of practical jokes. This personage himself is, however, very much knocked about and cuffed by every one. Harlequin wears a tightly fitting costume covered with spangles, and he takes great pains to hold fast to the good sword given him by the fairy, for without it he becomes helpless. Columbine, whom Harlequin loves, has nothing to do all through the piece but to dress well, look pretty, and dance her best. From what we see by our picture we must conclude that these lovers of the stage have been discovered by our artist carrying on the same pleasant business behind the scene.

What is this remarkable picture calling our attention to all sorts of horrible things just when we are luxuriating in pleasant thoughts and fancies? A warning, is it? Ah, well, we are not going to do any of these foolish things. No midnight suppers for us, and no terrible stories of murder and bloodshed to build a superstructure of nightmare on a foundation of mixed pickles. Up and away! we are off for a long flight. The little fingers that turn the pages must skip lightly over two, leaving Mr. Robinson's story for the entertainment of their elders, and follow their guide—where? Into an English hunting field. But what is this? The artist has told his own story in letters running all through the page. And what does this mean? Can it be possible there are no more pictures, that the pleasant journey is finished, the whole gallery exhausted, no more pleasant flights on the magic carpet from arctic zone to torrid, and no more glimpses of strange and wonderful scenes? Yes, the pleasant hour has come to an end, not to be soon forgotten, we trust, by the little folks for whom this Christmas entertainment has been prepared. This is indeed the children's holiday, the brightest and happiest season of the whole year; and older hearts, that have seen more of this sad and troubled world, grow young again in their gladness, and thank the kind Father of all for the sweet solace of their merry glances and loving tones.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

DECEMBER.

Sunday, 29.—First Sunday after Christmas.

Bishop Simpson, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, has begun his series of Yale lectures on preaching very happily. Referring in his opening sentences to his ecclesiastical cares as making it difficult for him to engage in lecturing, he said, "I wished, however, to respond to this manifestation of Christian courtesy, and to aid in showing to the world that Protestant Christendom is essentially one; that while we do not wholly agree, we know at the same time how to differ, and yet how to love." If this great master of the art of preaching shall only impart to his hearers the secret of his power of touching the human heart and subduing great audiences to tenderness, they will have learned a lore not to be gathered from books.

It is still difficult to harmonize the many reports current in Europe in relation to the progress made by Germany and the Vatican in the settlement of their differences. The Cologne *Gazette* announces that "the first step toward an understanding is already made." An Atlantic cable dispatch of December 9 announces that "Prince Bismarck will only grant amnesty to those German ecclesiastics who apply for it and make submission to the May laws." If both these statements are true, "the first step" in the way to a settlement was a concession by the Pope. Other reports agree that Leo XIII. has yielded the point of announcing the nomination of bishops to the government. In that event the vacant sees can be filled. As to the restoration of the deposed bishops, a well-informed English paper says that "it is a harder question, and with some of them it seems an impossibility. For example, Cardinal Ledochowski's little bill with the state is assuming very large dimensions. He has just been convicted again, this time of illegally excommunicating a priest, and is condemned to a fine of 18,000 marks, or two years' imprisonment."

Besides the resolution against a change of the itinerancy adopted by the Convention of Methodist Laymen held in Brooklyn November 26, the following resolutions were rejected by the close vote of 45 to 42: "That while we rejoice in the general prosperity and steady growth of the Church at large, we are painfully aware of the embarrassment and impairment of the usefulness and influence of individual churches as the result of the inevitable close of the pastoral term at the end of three years under existing rules; that we are of opinion that the Discipline should be so amended as to confer upon bishops the power in rare and exceptional cases to continue a preacher in the same charge for more than three years, when in their judgment it would cause no detriment to connectional interests."

Father Hyacinthe has, in a letter of recent date, formally applied to the bishops of the Church of England for recognition and supervision of a Gallican Church, which he will devote himself to forming. At the Lambeth Synod the English bishops appointed a commission to consider "the relations between the Old Catholics and others who have separated themselves from the Roman communion." To this commission particularly the application is made. Father Hyacinthe says: "I have held several conferences in Paris, which have been attended by large and attentive audiences. The moment seems to me to have arrived for uniting under one and the same banner, and, above all, in one and the same sanctuary, those of my fellow-countrymen who desire to reunite themselves to the principles of the ancient Catholic Church, so long and gloriously preserved in the Gallican Church."

The answer of the bishops is given by the Primus of the Church of Scotland. "I am prepared," says this bishop, "to undertake the work thus far intrusted to me, and by recognizing your mission....and tendering it a provisional oversight, to place you in a position to confer with me officially on the details of the work in which you are engaged." Father Hyacinthe will, therefore, hereafter labor under the direction of the bishops of the English Church. He is of opinion that there is a great opportunity in France to reach the many Catholics who reject the Vatican decrees, and who yet wish to abide strictly by the formulas of the early Church Councils.

The trustees of the Congregational House in Boston have issued an appeal for help. The depreciation of property has reduced their income from rents, and they have immediate need of $56,000. This sum paid, there will remain an indebtedness of $200,000. Of the money called for as much as $30,000 has already been pledged. This fine pile of building is a credit to the Congregational body, and should not be left long imperilled.

In three weeks from the enactment of the Anti-Socialist law, the German government suppressed "119 societies, clubs, or unions, 98 pamphlets, and 31 periodicals." Forty Socialists have been imprisoned, and among the prisoners are two Deputies of the German Parliament. The Christian Socialist party, which was organized by the court preacher, Stöcker, with the object of counteracting democratic Socialism, has recently become more active.

It is now stated that one of the clergymen of the diocese of Rochester, England, is one of the bishops of the mysterious "Order of the Corporate Reunion of Christendom." A chief of the order has publicly expressed doubts of the validity of Anglican ordination. What new ordination has been obtained is not yet known.

The last volume of Dr. Merle d'Aubigné's *History of the Reformation under Calvin* contains in its appendix the famous Indulgence of Leo X. which awakened the indignation of Luther, and led him to make war upon the papal system. The indulgence remits, upon conditions specified, the penalties upon all manner of offenses except conspiracy against the person of the Pope, the murder of bishops,....and *the importation of alum from heathen to Christian ports.* This last amazing exception has a history. In 1463 mines of alum were discovered in the papal dominions near Tolfa. Previously this article had been obtained from the East. Anxious to secure the monopoly of the trade, Leo X. bound all the Christian world to buy alum from his mines under the penalty of the censure of the Church. Assassination might be condoned, and perjury and adultery and whatever else of immorality in human conduct, *but the importation of alum from any other than the papal mines, never!*

According to Hübner's recently published statistical tables, there are on the continent of Europe 38,932,000 Evangelical Christians; adding for Great Britain 26,000,000, we have 64,932,000 Evangelical Christians in all Europe. The number of Roman Catholics in Europe is 101,155,000. The distribution of adherents of the Evangelical, Roman Catholic, and Greek faiths is as follows: German Empire—25,600,000 Evangelical Christian, 14,900,000 Roman Catholic, and 28,000 Orthodox Greek; Austria-Hungary—23,900,000 Roman Catholic, 3,600,000 Evangelical, 7,220,000 Greek; Great Britain and Ireland—26,000,000 Protestant, 5,600,000 Roman Catholic, and 26,000 Greek; Italy—26,660,000 Roman Catholic, 96,000 Evangelical, 100,000 Greek; Spain—16,500,000 Roman Catholic, 180,000 of all other faiths; European Russia—56,100,000 Orthodox Greek, 2,680,000 Evangelical Christian, 7,500,000 Roman Catholic; Belgium—4,920,000 Roman Catholic, 13,000 Reformed; Netherlands—2,001,000 Reformed, and 1,235,000 Roman Catholic; Sweden and Norway—4,162,000 Evangelical, 4000 Greek, and less than 1000 Roman Catholic. The total number of Jews in Europe, according to Hübner, is 4,855,000.

The numbers of children in school for every 10,000 of population are—Germany, 1500; Austria-Hungary, 890; Great Britain and Ireland, 800; France, 900; Italy, 708; Russia, 150; United States of America, 2180. We have, therefore, the honorable position of leaders of the world in elementary education.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The custom of giving expensive presents at Christmas as a matter of form or habit, or from a fancied obligation to do so, is productive of little good, and often of much harm. But the interchange of simple gifts in the family circle strengthens the bond of love, and excites, especially among the children, a consideration and forethought which is of real value in their training. There is no need for them to lament over a limited supply of pocket money; infinitesimal gifts are endeared by the loving heart that conceived and the skillful fingers that execute them. Then the great mystery preserved as to the presents makes a most delightful excitement among the little ones for weeks before the festal day. A Christmas tree is always a favorite method of distribution, but this often involves more expense, both as to gifts and decorations, than is desirable. When there is a large family, another method is to have each gift wrapped in paper and properly addressed, and arranged on a table in the parlor, Christmas-eve, and distributed by the one who can make the merriest time in so doing; or the presents may be deposited in a large basket, or packed in a bundle, which, when all are assembled, is brought in as if it had just come by express. Another plan, which small people appreciate, is to inclose every thing in a bag, or to deposit them in a tub of bran or sawdust, of course enveloped in paper and addressed; or on Christmas morning the packets may be arranged by the side of each recipient's plate at the breakfast table. Stockings hung by the chimney or at the head of the bed are easily filled, and in Holland the children place their shoes in a row in the kitchen or parlor, with the name of the owner above each. However limited the pecuniary resources may be, every family may have a happy time at Christmas, provided there be an abundant supply of kindly sympathy and genuine love.

The East Side Elevated Railroad is now opened to Eighty-ninth Street, and the running time between the South Ferry and Eighty-ninth Street is thirty-four minutes. Noise is uncomfortable, but rapid transit is very convenient.

In a recent bulletin of the public health, issued by the Surgeon-General of the United States Marine Hospital Service, it is advised that during the coming winter all the rooms of every dwelling in places which have suffered from yellow fever should be opened to the outer air for a sufficient time to subject them to a freezing temperature. Carpets, bedding, clothing, trunks, etc., should be exposed to the open air, and to a temperature below the freezing-point. Unless this is done, sporadic cases may be expected, when warm weather returns, from yellow fever poison, which is liable to survive the winter in dwellings which are kept continuously at an elevated temperature.

So great was the interest excited by the International Dairy Fair that a permanent Dairy Fair Association is to be organized.

Cholera has appeared in Nagasaki, Japan, but fortunately it does not seem to be of the malignant Asiatic type.

The recent death of the little Princess Marie of Hesse, aged only four, increases the number of deaths among Queen Victoria's grandchildren to five. In all her Majesty has had twenty-six grandchildren. Those who have died previous to Marie of Hesse are Prince Francis Frederick Sigismund, son of the Imperial Prince and Princess of Germany, died June, 1866, aged two; Prince Frederick William Augustus Victor Leopold Louis, son of the Princess Alice and of the Grand Duke of Hesse, accidentally killed by a fall in May, 1873, aged two and a half years; Prince Frederick Christian Augustus Leopold Edward Harold, son of the Princess Helena and Prince Christian, died May, 1876, aged one week; Prince Alexander John Charles Albert, son of the Prince and Princess of Wales, died in April, 1871, aged one day. Little Marie, daughter of Princess Alice, Grand Duchess of Hesse-Darmstadt, fell a victim to that dreaded disease diphtheria.

Seven million passengers, according to records, have patronized the Metropolitan Elevated Railroad within the past six months.

A heavy snow-storm prevailed at the West on December 8. Here we had a few brief snow-squalls.

The whole number of admissions to the Paris Exhibition was 16,032,725. At the Centennial Exhibition the total number was 9,910,966. The Paris Exhibition, however, was open nearly a month longer than that at Philadelphia, and the actual receipts at the latter place are stated to have been about fifty per cent. larger than at Paris.

From Liverpool a shocking occurrence is reported—a mother and her six children were found dead in a room, suffocated by the fumes of a coke fire. There was no fire-place in the small room, and the only window was closed. A galvanized pail, in which some coke was found burning, had been placed upon an old iron fender in one corner of the room. The mother was a widow, and her oldest son eighteen years of age.

The receipts of the Loan Exhibition this year amounted to about $12,900, of which, after expenses are deducted, about one-half will remain to be paid into the treasury of the Society of Decorative Art.

Nine years ago a boy of twelve ran away from his New Jersey home, and nothing was heard of him thereafter until the evening before Thanksgiving, when he suddenly walked into the home of his parents, and announced himself as their long-lost son. The scene was exciting for a while, but the family quieted down pretty soon, and there was a joyful Thanksgiving the next day. The lad had gone to sea on leaving home, and during the years of his absence had been nearly all over the world.

A Hamburg newspaper publishes a communication from Captain Schwensen, of the steamer *Pommerania*, in which he gives most pleasant tributes to the courage of his officers and crew at the time of the collision. He says: "I do not know of a man of the ship's company who did not do his duty." It will be remembered that the captain went down with the ship, but was afterward picked up by the *City of Amsterdam*. The Hamburg Steamship Company has offered him the command of the *Westphalia*, which is now building. For the present Captain Schwensen will remain in Hamburg, on account of his serious illness resulting from the nervous shock attending the disaster.

The West of England Bank, which recently suspended, had forty-two branches, and its liabilities are $17,500,000.

It has been the long-time practice to regard a broken-limbed horse as ruined, and to kill it. But a merchant of Utica, who is something of a horse-fancier, has saved a valuable horse that had broken a leg. The animal was slung up in a blanket, and received precisely the same treatment that would be given a man with a broken leg. The break was a bad one, but the horse is pronounced entirely cured.

By the mistake of a druggist's clerk in New Haven a dose of laudanum was administered to a little child instead of rhubarb. All efforts to save the infant were in vain.

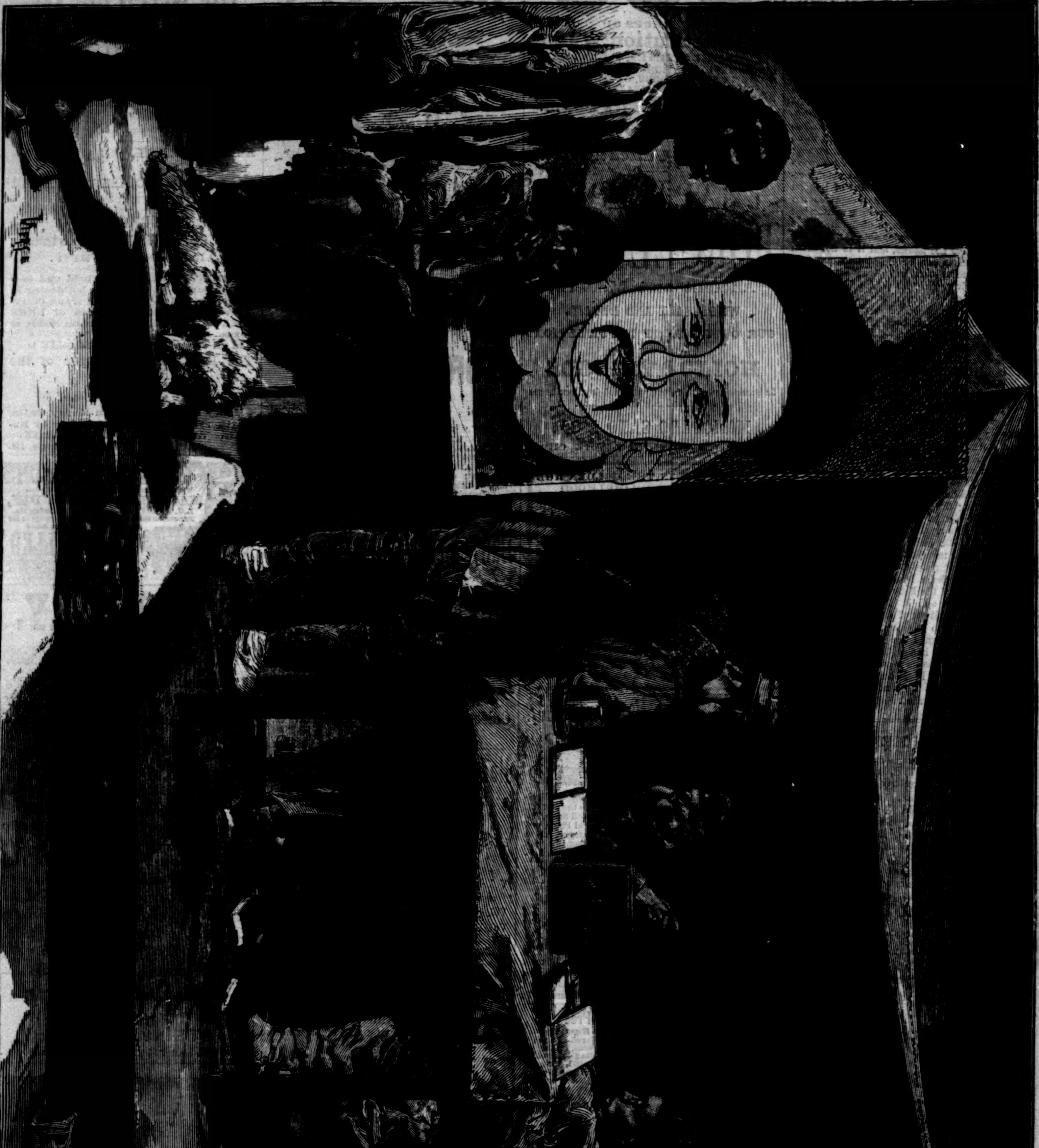
During the seventy days that the great captive balloon was at the service of the public in Paris it made 1023 ascents, taking up about 34,000 passengers.

The Chinese consul-general at San Francisco has been travelling over the United States, with the intent of writing a book, it is said. Boston does not seem to have gained his entire approval, as he is reported to have said: "Boston I no likee at all. The streets are too muchee narrow; they runnee all together."

Apple Blossoms is the pretty title of a volume of poems recently published by G. P. Putnam's Sons. These poems are the youthful effusions of two sisters, aged twelve and fifteen years, whose quiet home is on Mount Washington, Massachusetts. For several years these young girls, unconscious of any unusual gifts in themselves, amused themselves by writing verses, and it was only after a knowledge of their talents and of what they had written came to a few intimate friends that the parents were persuaded to have some verses published in book form. It is said that such poems in *Apple Blossoms* as were written within a year previous to publication the young authors were allowed to revise and improve, but those composed earlier appear as first written. Elaine and Dora Goodale certainly show real talent in some of their sweet verses, and, what is equally pleasant to know, their success has not dimmed their child-like modesty or ruffled their quiet home life.

PATIENCE UNTIL THE INDIAN *IS* CIVILIZED—SO TO SPEAK.

SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR. "There are two methods of Indian management possible: either to herd and coral the Indians under the walls or guns of a military force, so to speak, so as to watch them and prevent outbreaks; or to start them at work upon their lands, to educate them, and to civilize them......There are in the Army a great many gentlemen who have good ideas about the Indian Service, but it is one thing to have ideas, and another to carry them out, and I think that the patient labor and care of detail necessary to raise the Indian tribes to a state of civilization would not be found among the officers of the Army."



A CHINESE FORTUNE-TELLER.—[See Page 1038.]

LOST LITERATURE.

Where posterity has just reasons for complaint is in the deliberate destruction of "memoirs." Who does not envy Tacitus his perusal of the autobiography of the younger Agrippina: the court of Nero delineated by a woman, who had been initiated into all its secrets! What pictures we should have had from that passionate and envenomed pen! what portraits of Acte and Poppæa Sabina and Sporus! One would like to have had a sight of the history of his own times by William du Bellay, Lord of Langei, who knew all the ins and outs of the court of Francis I. The disappearance of the larger portion of Stringer's *Memoirs of the First Lord Shaftesbury* is much to be regretted, as Stringer was his private secretary; but the destruction of the *Memoirs of Lord Peterborough*—the most extraordinary character, perhaps, who ever figured on the stage of English politics and military history—has deprived not only the historian of much interesting matter, but the student of life and manners of much curious amusement. Pope was responsible for their being committed to the flames, and it is not often that his judgment can be called into question. Perhaps the noble earl had given his readers more of his private than his public life, and had enlarged more on his conquests in the Mall than on his conquests in Spain. Pope was also partly responsible for another concession to Vulcan, which no man will forgive—the destruction of *Sir George Savile's Memoirs*, in which that distinguished statesman had, it seems, taken notes of Charles II.'s conversation, and recorded the particulars of his relations with his eminent political contemporaries. Savile's literary abilities, as his various pamphlets abundantly testify, were of a very high order, and we can only lament the private or political reasons which robbed us of such a work. It is not generally known that Wilkes had completed his autobiography. He lent the manuscript volume to Charles Butler, earnestly requesting that gentleman to be his executor, and making the executorship conditional on his printing the work entire and unaltered. Butler, however, after perusing the manuscript, declined the honor. He probably thought that Cassanova and De Sade were enough for one generation. The manuscript subsequently disappeared very mysteriously, and has never from that day to this been heard of. On Wilkes's death the cover of the book was found, without any of the leaves, and it is not probable that Wilkes himself put it out of the way. Moore and Mr. Murray have to answer for *Byron's Memoirs*, which were burned in the presence of both of them. The world has probably not lost much, and we have doubtless no great reason to grudge Hephæstus so many libels on his wife. It is a pity that more notes were not taken before it was effectually obliterated.

ADVANCED PHYSICIANS.

Many of the more advanced physicians, having found Dr. Pierce's Family Medicines prompt and sure, prescribe them regularly in their practice.

Twinville, Tenn., *May* 28, 1877.

Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.:

Dear Sir,—For a long time I suffered with catarrh. I finally called in Dr. Zachary of this place. He furnished me with your nasal Douche, Sage's Catarrh Remedy, and your Golden Medical Discovery. These remedies speedily effected an entire cure. Yours truly,

—[*Com.*] John S. Chamless.

At Kaldenberg's factory the most elegant assortment of Ivory Toilet goods can be had—Brushes, Combs, Necklaces, etc. 125 Fulton Street, near Nassau, N. Y. City.—[*Com.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—See article in the *Civil Service Gazette*.

Sold only in soldered tins, labelled

JAMES EPPS & CO., Homœopathic Chemists, London, Eng.

Japanese Porcelain and Art Pottery.

We respectfully invite our friends and the public to examine our stock of beautiful Japanese Wares, selected by our agents in Japan. Our collection is specially rich in KAGA WARE, the most exquisitely beautiful of all Japanese Porcelains, as well as in old and modern SATSUMA and KIOTO FAIENCE, Nagasaki, Arita, and Owari Porcelain, Bronzes, Cloisonne Enamels, Curios, &c., &c.

The majority of these Porcelains, &c., were painted and finished years ago by artists who only aimed to produce elaborately finished articles, without regard to time required or to commercial value, and not intended for export; cannot now be reproduced in equal perfection, and will therefore be highly prized by collectors.

Visitors need not feel under any obligation to purchase. Our goods will be freely shown to all, whether purchasers or not. PRICES VERY MODERATE.

HERMAN TROST & CO., 48, 50, 52, 54 Murray St.,

Importers of French, English, Dresden, Japanese, and Chinese Porcelain, Glassware, &c., &c. Established since 1835.

40 DROPS OF Constitution Water, THREE TIMES A DAY,

CURES INFLAMMATION OF THE KIDNEYS, STONE IN THE BLADDER, CATARRH OF THE BLADDER, DIABETES, GRAVEL, BRICKDUST DEPOSIT, CHILDHOOD WEAKNESS.

For Female Complaints a Specialty.

For sale by all Druggists. Send for Circular.

MORGAN & ALLEN, 59 John St., N. Y.

Finest in United States.

JAPANESE PORCELAINS,

Ancient and Modern,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

OUR OWN DIRECT IMPORTATION.

HOLIDAY GOODS

In immense variety, recently received from our house in Japan, and now on exhibition.

MOMOTARO SATO & CO.,

38 Fulton Street, New York City.

DONT NEGLECT YOUR TEETH

IN THE GOLDEN AGE OF GIRLHOOD

Preserve the beauty of the teeth with **SOZODONT**, and then, when the hair is silvered and the eyes dimmed with years, the mouth will still reveal two glittering rows of unsullied ivory.

SOZODONT

Is a wholesome Botanical preparation and has a refreshing effect upon the mouth. *Repulsive Breath*, arising from Catarrh or use of tobacco and liquors, is completely neutralized by the use of Sozodont. It removes discolorations, imparts a glittering whiteness to the enamel, and renders the decomposition of the teeth impossible.

Holiday Catalogue, No. 11, now ready.

P. & S. American Club Skates, requiring no Heel-plates, Straps, or Wrench, the best made in the market. Magic Tricks, Musical Instruments, Scroll Saws, Toy Steam-engines, Magic Lanterns, Theatrical Plays, and fixtures. All the Latest Novelties. Catalogue, full of illustrations and prices of above goods, sent by mail for 10 cents. **PECK & SNYDER, 124 Nassau St., N. Y.**

A FORTY-PAGE CATALOGUE OF HARPER'S BAZAR Cut Paper Patterns,

In which the Latest Styles are illustrated in the most superb and artistic manner, will be sent, postage free, to any address, on receipt of Ten Cents. Address

HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

Young America Press Co., 35 Murray St., New York, manufacture a variety of hand, self-inking and rotary presses, ranging in price from $1.50 to $150 including the **Centennial, Young America, Cottage, Lightning** and other celebrated printing machines. Our new rotary press, the **United States Jobber**, for cheapness and excellence is unrivalled. Other presses taken in exchange. Lowest prices for type and printing material. Circulars *free*. Specimen Book of Type, etc., 10 cts. A sample package of plain and fancy cards, 10 cents.

FREE! FREE! FREE! An immense Descriptive Catalogue of Novels, Song Books, Music, Negro Farces, Acting Plays, Letter Writers, Fortune Tellers, Reciters, Cook Books, Speakers, Dialogues, Joke Books, Ready Reckoners, Playing Cards, Books on Magic, Ventriloquism, Swimming, Boxing, Draughts, Cricket, Base Ball; Clog Shoes, Burnt Cork, Wigs, Face Preparations, &c., unequalled and unattainable elsewhere. Mailed free upon application to C. T. DE WITT, Publisher, 33 Rose St., N. Y.

HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

Meerschaum Goods, Amber Articles, Cigar-Holders, and Smokers' Articles, Wholesale and Retail, at the Manufactory of **F. J. KALDENBERG, 125 Fulton St., New York,** near Nassau St. *Send for Price-Lists.*

THE AUTOMATIC HOLDER IS THE **EYE-GLASS** Safest device for carrying glasses. No breaking, no entanglement of cord, as it is reeled up when not used. Is handy and *warranted*. Mailed for 25c. Circulars free. Ketcham & McDougall, M'f'rs, 4 Liberty Place, N. Y.

48 page Illustrated Catalogue free.

SKATES AND NOVELTIES.

Fish & Simpson, 132 Nassau St., N. Y.

Keep your bird in health and song by using SINGER'S PATENT GRAVEL PAPER. For sale by druggists and cage dealers. **Depot, 582 Hudson St., N. Y.**

BURNETT'S

KALLISTON FOR THE SKIN

As a wash for the complexion, has no equal. It is distinguished for its cooling and soothing properties, removing tan, sunburn, freckles, redness and roughness of the skin, etc.; curing chapped hands, and allaying the irritation caused by the bites of mosquitoes and other annoying insects.

ASK YOUR STATIONER FOR THE

Daily Memorandum Calendar.

Patented Nov. 5, 1878.

INDISPENSABLE FOR THE

Office, the Counting-room, and the Library.

Harper's European Guide-Book FOR 1878.

By W. Pembroke Fetridge.

IN 3 VOLS. PRICE, $3 00 PER VOL.

The Volumes sold separately.

Vol. I. Great Britain, Ireland, France, Belgium, and Holland.

Vol. II. Germany, Austria, Italy, and the East.

Vol. III. Switzerland, Russia, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and Spain.

☞ *Either of the Volumes sent by mail on receipt of Three Dollars.*

HARPER'S PHRASE-BOOK: French Without a Master, German Without a Master, Italian Without a Master. By W. Pembroke Fetridge. Complete in one volume. Price, $1 50.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

THEY ALL DO IT!

CAXTON PRESS, Self-Inking, only $13. COLUMBIAN PRESS, Self-Inking, from $25 to $56; will do the work of a $250 Press. Presses from $3 50. Send stamp for catalogue to CURTIS & MITCHELL, 15 Federal St., Boston, Mass. Established 1847.

THE HOME KNITTER!

The most complete Family Knitting Machine ever invented. Something entirely new in form, construction, and method of operation. Retail price $25. Send for descriptive circulars. Agents wanted everywhere. **HOME KNITTER CO., CANTON, O.**

C. STEHR, Manufacturer of **Meerschaum Pipes & Cigar Holders.** Wholesale and retail. Send for Circular and Price-List. **347 Broome St., N. Y.** Medal awarded at Centennial, 1876.

Good, Better, Best. For a Holiday Present,

A PRETTY SHAKER CHAIR.

Do not delay, but send your order at once. Address **R. M. WAGAN, Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.**

$3 *Self-Inker* **CHARM PRESS.** 2x3 in. 100 Long Printing Types, Roller, Ink, Reglets, Leads, Type Case, Cards, and Outside Case—*all for* $4. 6 *Larger Sizes*. Stamp for Catalogue. **W. C. EVANS, 50 N. Ninth St., Phila., Pa.**

VIOLIN AND PIANOS MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT. New book. By Sep. Winner. Sample pages sent on application to J. M. Stoddart & Co., Pubs., Phila.

ROUSSEAU & CO.'S AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC BURGLAR ALARM and BELLS, for Dwellings, Banks, and Stores. Factory and Office, **138th Street and 4th Avenue, New York City.**

1879 THE PEOPLE'S PAPER. 1879

THE INTER OCEAN.

PRICE REDUCED

TO SUIT THE TIMES.

WEEKLY, $1.15, Postage Paid.	SEMI-WEEKLY, $2.50, Postage Paid.	DAILY, $10, Postage Paid.

As a **LITERARY, FAMILY,** and **POLITICAL PAPER IT IS UNEXCELLED.**

Its **AGRICULTURAL** and **COMMERCIAL** Departments **ARE THE VERY BEST.**

THE INTER OCEAN is a bold and outspoken paper. It denounces bulldozing in the South, and treachery and fraud everywhere, and is the champion of FREE SPEECH AND FREE MEN from Maine to Texas.

In all respects THE INTER OCEAN is

The Representative Paper of the Northwest.

Send for Sample Copies.

Money should be sent in Money Order, Registered Letter, Bank Draft, or by Express. Address THE INTER OCEAN, Chicago, Ill.

MARCY'S OIL AND GAS SCIOPTICONS With New Improved and Carefully Selected **MAGIC LANTERN SLIDES,** L. J. MARCY, 1340 Chestnut St., Philadelphia. For convenience and efficiency, for private or for public use, *they stand* **UNRIVALLED.** Circulars free. Catalogues, 10 cents. Sciopticon Manual, 5th Ed., 75 cents. Splendid Outfits at Bottom Prices.

STEINWAY.

Grand, Square, and Upright Pianos.

Triumphant at every World's Fair; endorsed by the most eminent musical authorities of both hemispheres, and the acknowledged Standard Pianos of the World.

Special attention is directed to the lately-patented Steinway Parlor Grand—but six feet long—with touch, quality of tone, and almost the power, of a Steinway Concert Grand; and to the new Steinway Upright or Cabinet Grand, with matchless tone and perfection of action.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES MAILED FREE.

Steinway & Sons

WAREROOMS:

STEINWAY HALL,

Nos. 109 and 111 East 14th St., New York.

[illegible]

At any Bookstore, or sent on receipt of $1 50.

KEUFFEL & ESSER, 127 Fulton St., New York, Manufacturers and Importers of Drawing Materials.

$15 SHOT GUN! A double-barrel gun, bar or front action locks; warranted genuine twist barrels, & a good shooter, or no sale: with Flask, Pouch, and a Wad Cutter, for $15. Can be sent C.O.D. with privilege to examine before paying. Send stamp for Catalogue. **Reduced Prices and Large Discounts.** P. POWELL & SON, Gun Dealers, 238 Main St., Cincinnati.

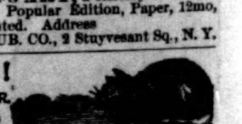
C. WEIS, Successor to POLLAK & CO., Manufacturer of MEERSCHAUM GOODS, wholesale and retail. **27 John Street.** Send for Circular, to P. O. Box 5009.

THE POTTER'S ART, a History of Ceramics, Pottery, &c. Popular Edition, Paper, 12mo, 25 cents. Agents wanted. Address USEFUL ARTS PUB. CO., 2 Stuyvesant Sq., N. Y.

TOY MOUSE!

LIFE SIZE AND COLOR.

Fun for Kit.



The best and cheapest Toy in the World. Will run 35 or 40 feet. Sent post paid, for 25 cts. **SMITH & EGGE, Box 95, Bridgeport, Ct.**

175 Decalcomanie Transfer Pictures, 96 varieties, 13c. 5 sheets Scrap-book or Pottery Pictures 25c. Postpaid. **HENRY S. DATE,** Chicago, Ill.

CORWIN'S "Zephyr" Rubber Goods.

Ladies' and Gents' Light Waterproof Garments, Cloaks, Coats, Hats, and Leggins. The best in the market. Soft and Silky. Free from odor. They supersede all others. Beware of the cheap acid cured goods *rubber*. They are dear at any price. Be sure my trade-mark, Corwin's "Zephyr," is on the loop and case; none other genuine. Send stamp for descriptive Price-List, to

JOHN M. CORWIN,
306 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

JOHNSON BROS. & CO.

IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS,

WHOLESALE HOUSE, 600 & 602 Broadway, NEW YORK, | RETAIL HOUSE, 34 & 36 East 14th St., Union Square, N. Y.,

OFFER UNUSUAL AND EXTRAORDINARY BARGAINS

in French and American Felt and Velvet Hats and Bonnets, English and American Straw Goods, Ribbons, Velvets, Plushes, Satins, Silks, Laces, French Flowers and Feathers, Dress and Cloak Trimmings, Hosiery, Gloves, Ladies' and Children's Underwear, Berlin Wools and Fancy Worsted Work, Fancy Goods, &c.

Catalogues and Samples sent on application. Goods Sent by Mail or Express.

THE LATEST NOVELTIES AT THE LOWEST PRICES.

Rogers' Statuary.

$10 and upward.

The Peddler at the Fair.

A NEW GROUP.

PRICE $15.

Illustrated Catalogues may be had on application, or will be mailed, by enclosing 10c. to

JOHN ROGERS,
1155 Broadway, N. Y.,
Corner 27th Street.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. FINEST AND CHEAPEST MEAT FLAVORING STOCK FOR SOUPS, MADE DISHES, AND SAUCES.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT "Is a success and a boon for which nations should feel grateful."—See "Medical Press," "Lancet," "British Medical Journal," &c. CAUTION.—Genuine only with the fac-simile of Baron Liebig's Signature in Blue Ink across the Label.

"Consumption in England increased tenfold in ten years."

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. To be had of all Storekeepers, Grocers, and Chemists. Sole Agents for the United States (wholesale only), C. DAVID & CO., 43 Mark Lane, London, England.

$10 $20 $15 $25 **IMITATION GOLD WATCHES**, $10, $15, $20, and $25 each. Chains, $2 to $12, to match. Jewelry of the same. Sent C. O. D. by express. Send stamp for Illustrated Circular.

These Watches have the Brilliancy and Durability of Gold, and are just the thing for the times. Gents', Ladies', and Boys' sizes. We also furnish Watchmakers' Tools and Materials.

COLLINS METAL WATCH FACTORY,
335 Broadway, N. Y.
P. O. Box 3696.

"THROUGH THE DARK CONTINENT."

By H. M. STANLEY.

The only original and complete account of Stanley's wonderful exploration of the great African Lakes and the River Congo from its source to the Atlantic, told by himself; is copyrighted and published by HARPER & BROTHERS, by special arrangement with the author; and is sold through Canvassers only. It is printed in two magnificent volumes, profusely illustrated from Stanley's own sketches, with an appended table (from his Diary) of his 1000 days' wanderings over a distance of 7158 miles, and will be found to be the most popular subscription-book of the year.

Parties whom the canvasser fails to see may write to the publishers, and the agent will be directed to call.

Agents Wanted. HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, New York.

12 New Articles Almost Given Away TO ADVERTISE GOODS.

Magic Invisible Ink (secret correspondence), Acoustic Telephone, Bijou Microscope, Inexhaustible Fountain Pen and Holder, Musical Cigar, Sure Corn and Wart Cure, Scented Sea Shell, Scotch Bag-pipes, French Spy Glass, Five Exquisite French Chromos, The Fire Eater (with this anyone can eject from their mouth thousands of sparks), Serpents of the Nile (Eggs the size of a pea when lighted expand into Snakes a yard long). All the above Twelve articles sent post-paid on receipt of 50 Cents; will sell readily for six times the amount. (Postage Stamps taken). Catalogue of 2,000 new articles FREE. Address,

WIZARD MANUFACTURING COMPANY,
No. 2 CLINTON PLACE, NEW YORK.

AGENTS READ THIS.

We will pay Agents a Salary of $100 per month and expenses, or allow a large commission, to sell our new and wonderful inventions. *We mean what we say.* Sample free. Address **SHERMAN & CO., Marshall, Mich.**

CONTINENTAL STATIONERY PACKAGE. Contents: 24 Sheets of Paper, 24 Envelopes, 1 Penholder, 1 Pen, 1 Pencil, 1 Ivory Toothpick (3 blades), 1 Pair Ivory Sleeve Buttons. Full sample package, by mail, **25c.** Six packages, by mail, **$1.** Postage stamps taken. Satisfaction guaranteed. Big pay to Agents. Illustrated Catalogue of Novelties free. T. F. OWENS, 193 W. 10th St., N. Y.

18 ELEGANT New Style Chromo Cards, with name, 10c., postpaid. GEO. I. REED & Co., Nassau, N. Y.

TABLE-WARE FOR THE HOLIDAYS!

The most magnificent display and largest assortment in the United States of first-class China, Glass, Cutlery, Hardware, Silver and Wooden Ware, Fire Sets and Stands, Andirons, Coal Vases, Hearth Brushes, Dinner and Tea Sets, Chamber-ware and Table-ware for the Holidays, Cooking Utensils, Tin, Copper, and Iron Wares. Goods marked in plain figures. The only house making a specialty of useful presents, and devoting the most careful attention to country orders. Goods skilfully packed free, and shipped daily. Price-List mailed on application, and every attention paid to inquiries by mail.

EDWARD D. BASSFORD,
1, 2, 3, 12, 13, 15, 16, and 17 Cooper Institute, New York City.

THE NEW YORK SUN For 1879.

THE SUN will be printed every day during the year to come. Its purpose and method will be the same as in the past: To present all the news in a readable shape, and to tell the truth though the heavens fall.

THE SUN has been, is, and will continue to be independent of everybody and everything save the Truth and its own convictions of duty. That is the only policy which an honest newspaper need have. That is the policy which has won for this newspaper the confidence and friendship of a wider constituency than was ever enjoyed by any other American journal.

THE SUN is the newspaper of the people. It is not for the rich man against the poor man, or for the poor man against the rich man, but it seeks to do equal justice to all interests in the community. It is not the organ of any person, class, sect, or party. There need be no mystery about its loves and hates. It is for the honest man against the rogues every time. It is for the honest Democrat as against the dishonest Republican, and for the honest Republican as against the dishonest Democrat. It does not take its cue from the utterances of any politician or political organization. It gives its support unreservedly when men or measures are in agreement with the Constitution and with the principles upon which this republic was founded for the people. Whenever the Constitution and constitutional principles are violated—as in the outrageous conspiracy of 1876, by which a man not elected was placed in the President's office, where he still remains—it speaks out for the right. That is THE SUN's idea of independence. In this respect there will be no change in its programme for 1879.

THE SUN has fairly earned the hearty hatred of rascals, frauds, and humbugs of all sorts and sizes. It hopes to deserve that hatred not less in the year 1879 than in 1878, 1877, or any year gone by. THE SUN is printed for the men and women of to-day, whose concern is chiefly with the affairs of to-day. It has both the disposition and the ability to afford its readers the promptest, fullest, and most accurate intelligence of whatever in the wide world is worth attention. To this end the resources belonging to well-established prosperity will be liberally employed.

The present disjointed condition of parties in this country, and the uncertainty of the future, lend an extraordinary significance to the events of the coming year. To present with accuracy and clearness the exact situation in each of its varying phases, and to expound, according to its well-known methods, the principles that should guide us through the labyrinth, will be an important part of THE SUN's work for 1879.

We have the means of making THE SUN, as a political, a literary, and a general newspaper, more entertaining and more useful than ever before; and we mean to apply them freely.

Our rates of subscription remain unchanged. For the DAILY SUN, a four-page sheet of twenty-eight columns, the price by mail, postpaid, is **55** cents a month, or **$6.50** a year; or, including the Sunday paper, an eight-page sheet of fifty-six columns, the price is **65** cents a month, or **$7.70** a year, postage paid.

The Sunday edition of THE SUN is also furnished separately at **$1.20** a year, postage paid. The SUNDAY SUN, in addition to the current news, presents a most entertaining and instructive body of literary and miscellaneous matter, in bulk twice as great and in value not inferior to that of the best monthly magazines of the day, at one-tenth of their cost.

The WEEKLY SUN is especially adapted for those who do not take a New York daily paper. The news of the week is fully presented, its market reports are furnished to the latest moment, and its agricultural department, edited with great care and ability, is unsurpassed. The WEEKLY SUN is probably read to-day by more farmers than any other paper published. A choice story, with other carefully prepared miscellany, appears in each issue. The Weekly protects its readers by barring its advertising columns against frauds and humbugs, and furnishes more good matter for less money than can be obtained from any other source.

The price of the WEEKLY SUN, eight pages, fifty-six columns, is **$1** a year, postage paid. For clubs of ten sending **$10** we will send an extra copy free.

Address

I. W. ENGLAND,
Publisher of The Sun,
NEW YORK CITY.

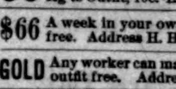
This book needs no Endorsement.—DR. PALMER.

AGENTS WANTED FOR DR. MARCH'S NEW BOOK, FROM DARK TO DAWN

In this new volume the Popular Author of NIGHT SCENES IN THE BIBLE portrays with vivid and thrilling force and eloquence the events of Sacred Truth, and adds fresh testimony to the beauty, pathos and sublimity of the Stories of the Bible. Agents will find this Book with its sparkling thoughts, glowing style, beautiful Engravings, and rich bindings, the best in the market. *Terms Liberal. Circulars Free.* Address, J. C. McCURDY & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

LADY AGENTS WANTED for the most popular Corset ever made. Sold only by agents. Address **WARNER BROS., 351 Broadway, N. Y.**

50 Rosebud, Snowflake, and Chromo Cards, no 2 alike, in gold or jet, 10c. Electro Card Co., Northford, Ct.



DYKES' BEARD ELIXIR A Wonderful Discovery. Forces heavy Moustache or Beard even on smooth faces in from 20 to 30 days. These cuts are from the original, and show a positive result from its use. It works like magic and never fails. No possible injury to the skin, easily applied and certain in effect. Pkg post-paid 25 cts.; 3 for 50 cts. L. L. SMITH & CO. Sole Ag'ts, Palatine, Ill. All others counterfeits.

65 Mixed Cards, with name, 10c. and stamp. Ag'ts Outfit, 10c. L. C. COE & CO., Bristol, Conn.

$66 A week in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Me.

GOLD Any worker can make $12 a day at home. Costly outfit free. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Me.

25 GOLD NEW YEAR CARDS, with name in gold, 20 cents. HULL & CO., Hudson, N. Y.

ST. NICHOLAS,

SCRIBNER'S ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR GIRLS AND BOYS.

The best Holiday present is a subscription to ST. NICHOLAS; *it is a monthly reminder of the giver.*

The Children's Art Magazine.

The London *Literary World* says of it: "There is no magazine for the young that can be said to equal this choice production of Scribner's press."

GOOD THINGS for 1879.

Frank R. Stockton's new serial for boys, "A Jolly Fellowship," begun in November, will run through the year. "Eyebright," by Susan Coolidge, commences soon; and a fairy story, by Julian Hawthorne, begins in the Christmas issue. Each number is "a host in itself"—full of the best stories and illustrations for boys and girls.

The Christmas Holiday Number

(*Issued December 14th; price 25 cents*)

Has among its contributors the following well-known writers:

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER,
CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER,
MARY MAPES DODGE,
SUSAN COOLIDGE,
JULIAN HAWTHORNE,
CELIA THAXTER,
Mrs. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT,

author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," and "Haworth's." The artists, *Frederic Dielman, Alfred Kappes, J. C. Beard, Kelly, Fidelia Bridges, Granville Perkins, Addie Ledyard, Alfred Fredericks, F. S. Church, Sol Eytinge, Jessie Curtis, C. S. Reinhart,* and many others.

The Elegant Bound Volumes OF ST. NICHOLAS,

In red and gold, are, in themselves, a cheap and

A Magnificent Library,

Containing

More matter than $100 worth of ordinary books.

Each Volume is Complete.

THE GIFT-BOOK OF THE SEASON

Is the new bound volume for 1878, in red and gold, with illuminated cover-lining, containing over 800 pages and nearly 600 pictures; price $4.00. A full set of ST. NICHOLAS (five volumes) in black walnut case, the name "St. Nicholas" inlaid on the top, $20.00.

Bound volumes and cases may be had of all Book and News dealers, or will be sent on receipt of price by the Publishers.

We bind back numbers for $1.00 a volume (and 32 cents for return postage), or send the red and gold covers for 75 cents.

Price $3.00 a year; 25 cents a number.

For Sale and Subscriptions received by all Booksellers and Newsdealers.

SCRIBNER & CO., 743 Broadway, N. Y.

PATENTS

In connection with the publication of the *Scientific American*, we continue to act as Solicitors for Patents Caveats, Trade-Marks, Copyrights, etc., for the United States, Canada, Cuba, England, France, Germany, etc. In this line of business we have had *thirty-three years' experience.*

Patents obtained through us are noticed in the *Scientific American.* This large and splendidly illustrated weekly paper shows the current progress of Science, is very interesting, and has an enormous circulation. Subscriptions $3.20 a year, postpaid; single copies 10 cents. Sold at all Book-stores and News-offices.

Can I Obtain a Patent? The quickest and best way to obtain a satisfactory answer, without expense, is to write to us (Munn & Co.), describing the invention, with a small sketch. All we need is to get the *idea.* We will immediately answer, and give the necessary instructions. For this advice we make *no charge.*

We also send *free* our Hand Book about the Patent Laws, Patents, Caveats, Trade-Marks, their costs, and how procured, with hints for obtaining advances on inventions. Address MUNN & CO., Publishers of the *Scientific American,* 37 Park Row, New York.

Harper's New and Enlarged Catalogue

WITH A COMPLETE ANALYTICAL INDEX, AND A VISITORS' GUIDE TO THEIR ESTABLISHMENT,

Sent by mail on receipt of NINE CENTS.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

SALESMEN WANTED $125 A Month and Expenses selling to DEALERS. SAMPLES FREE. Send 3c. STAMP to insure answer. S. FOSTER & CO., Cincinnati, O. CIGARS

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Me.

BIG PAY to sell our Rubber Printing Stamps. Samples free. TAYLOR BROS. & CO., Cleveland, Ohio.

HARPER & BROTHERS' LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

I.

MACAULAY'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND. New Edition of Lord Macaulay's History of England, from new electrotype Plates, printed from the Last English Edition, with all of Lord Macaulay's Corrections carefully examined and Revised. Harper's Elegant Library Edition, Crown 8vo, Gilt Tops, Superfine Paper, and Cloth Binding. Five Volumes, $10 00 per set. Sold only in sets.

This will be the best edition of Macaulay. In order to supply the demand for a REALLY ELEGANT edition of this standard work great expense has been incurred in making NEW ELECTROTYPE PLATES from new type, and this may confidently be recommended as the most convenient, accurate, and attractive edition for libraries.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS will also publish elegant editions of *Hume's England, Gibbon's Rome, Macaulay's Life and Letters,* and *Selections from Macaulay,* from new plates, uniform with this edition of *Macaulay's England.*

II.

ENGLISH MEN OF LETTERS. Edited by JOHN MORLEY. 12mo, Cloth, 75 cents per volume.

The following volumes are now ready: Shelley. By J. A. SYMONDS.—Sir Walter Scott. By R. H. HUTTON.—Edward Gibbon. By J. C. MORISON.—Samuel Johnson. By LESLIE STEPHEN.

III.

THE IRISH BAR: Comprising Anecdotes, Bon-mots, and Biographical Sketches of the Bench and Bar of Ireland. By J. RODERICK O'FLANAGAN. 4to, Paper, 15 cents.

IV.

THE STORY OF THE CHRISTIANS AND MOORS OF SPAIN. By CHARLOTTE M. YONGE. 4to, Paper, 10 cents.

V.

EPOCHS OF ENGLISH HISTORY. A Series of Books narrating the History of England. Edited by M. CREIGHTON. 8 volumes.

1. Early England. By F. YORK POWELL.
2. England a Continental Power, 1066–1216. By LOUISA CREIGHTON.
3. Rise of the People and Growth of Parliament, 1215–1485. By JAMES ROWLEY.
4. The Tudors and the Reformation, 1485–1603. By M. CREIGHTON.
5. The Struggle against Absolute Monarchy, 1603–1688. By BERTHA M. CORDERY.
6. The Settlement of the Constitution, 1689–1784. By JAMES ROWLEY.
7. England during the American and European Wars, 1765–1820. By O. W. TANCOCK.
8. Modern England, 1820–1874. By OSCAR BROWNING.

32mo, Paper, 25 cents per volume.

VI.

STORIES FROM VIRGIL. By the Rev. A. J. CHURCH, M. A. 32mo, Paper, 25 cents; Cloth, 40 cents.

VII.

SHAKESPEARE'S MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING. Edited, with Notes, by WILLIAM J. ROLFE, A.M. With Engravings. Square 16mo, Cloth, 70 cents.

Uniform with *Rolfe's English Classics:* The Merchant of Venice.—Julius Cæsar.—The Tempest.—Henry VIII.—Richard II.—Macbeth.—A Midsummer-Night's Dream.—Henry V.—As You Like It.—Hamlet.—Goldsmith's Select Poems.—Gray's Select Poems. Square 16mo, Cloth, Illustrated, 70 cents per volume; Paper, 50 cents per volume.

VIII.

THE STORY OF LIBERTY. By CHARLES CARLETON COFFIN. Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth, $3 00.

IX.

SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF RUFUS CHOATE. By EDWIN P. WHIPPLE. 32mo, Paper, 15 cents; Cloth, 30 cents.

X.

THE CERAMIC ART. A Compendium of the History and Manufacture of Pottery and Porcelain. By JENNIE J. YOUNG. With 464 Illustrations. 8vo, Cloth, $5 00.

THE NEW NOVELS

PUBLISHED BY

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

⁂ *These Novels are in Paper, except where otherwise specified.*

Macleod of Dare. By WILLIAM BLACK. 12mo, Cloth, Illustrated, $1 25; 8vo, Paper, Illustrated, 60 cents; 4to, Paper, 10 cents.

Our Professor. By Mrs. E. LYNN LINTON. 15 cents.

Lady Carmichael's Will and other Christmas Stories. By MARY CECIL HAY, F. W. ROBINSON, and JUSTIN M'CARTHY. 15 cents.

The Sorrow of a Secret. By MARY CECIL HAY. 15 cents.

'Twas in Trafalgar's Bay. By WALTER BESANT and JAMES RICE. 20 cents.

Elinor Dryden. By KATHARINE S. MACQUOID. 20 cts.

Light and Shade. By CHARLOTTE G. O'BRIEN. 10 cts.

Love's Crosses. By F. E. M. NOTLEY. 15 cents.

A Dark Inheritance. By MARY CECIL HAY. 15 cents.

Rare Pale Margaret. 10 cents.

The Mistletoe Bough. Edited by Miss BRADDON. 15 cts.

Daisy Miller. By HENRY JAMES, Jr. 20 cents.

The Virginians in Texas. By W. M. BAKER. 75 cents.

Auld Lang Syne. 10 cents.

The Bachelor of the Albany. 10 cents.

Evelina. By FRANCES BURNEY (Madame D'ARBLAY). 15 cents.

Cousin Polly's Gold Mine. By Mrs. A. E. PORTER. 40 cents.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS *will send any of the above works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

☞ HARPER'S CATALOGUE *mailed free on receipt of Nine Cents in stamps.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

THE WAR ON THE BANKS.
The only annihilation in case the Silvery Politicians are victorious.

ESTABLISHED 1820.

C. G. GUNTHER'S SONS

184 Fifth Avenue,

BROADWAY and 23d St., NEW YORK.

Extra Long Seal-Skin Sacques,

In new and large assortments of all sizes and qualities, and at moderate prices.

FUR-LINED CIRCULARS AND CLOAKS,

In choice styles and very low in price.

Fur Trimmings, Fur Robes, Rugs and Mats.

An inspection respectfully invited.

N. B.—Orders by mail, or any information desired, will receive special and prompt attention.

WILLARD'S HOTEL,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

BRESLIN & COOKE, Proprietors.

Now open for the reception of guests.

A. A. VANTINE & CO.,

827, 829, 831 Broadway,

IMPORT EVERY VARIETY OF

Japanese, Chinese, and India Goods.

PERSIAN and TURKISH RUGS AND CARPETS.

New Invoices by Every Steamer.

The ESPECIAL ATTENTION of THE TRADE is invited to their Immense Stock and Extreme

LOW PRICES.

A GREAT OFFER FOR HOLIDAYS!!!

We will during the HOLIDAYS *dispose of* 100 PIANOS & ORGANS, at EXTRAORDINARY LOW prices for cash. SPLENDID ORGANS 2 3-5 sets of reeds $65, 2 sets with Sub Bass and Coupler $60, 2 sets $50, 1 set $40, 1 set $35. 7 Octave *all* ROSEWOOD PIANOS $130, 7 1-3 do. $140, warranted for SIX years. AGENTS WANTED. Illustrated Catalogues Mailed. Music at half price. HORACE WATERS & SONS, Manufacturers *and* Dealers, 40 E. 14th Street, New York.

BENSON'S CAPCINE POROUS PLASTER.

There is no doubt about the great superiority of this article over common porous plasters and other external remedies, such as liniments, electrical appliances, &c. Ask physicians in your own locality about it. It is wonderful.

Sold by all Druggists. Price 25 cents.

Jos. Gillott

STEEL PENS.

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS.

91 JOHN ST., N. Y. JOSEPH GILLOTT & SONS.

CHINESE AND JAPANESE DEPOT.

H. C. PARKE, 186 Front St.,

Between Fulton St. and Burling Slip, N. Y. *Rich Porcelains, Bronzes, Enamels, and Screens.*

FLORILINE.

"FLORILINE."—FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH

Is the best liquid dentifrice in the world. It thoroughly cleanses partially-decayed teeth from all parasites or living "animalculæ," leaving them pearly white, imparting a delightful fragrance to the breath.

THE FRAGRANT "FLORILINE"

removes instantly all odors arising from a foul stomach or tobacco smoke. Being partly composed of honey, soda, and extracts of sweet herbs and plants, it is perfectly harmless and delicious as sherry.

Prepared by HENRY C. GALLUP, No. 493 Oxford Street, London, England, and retailed everywhere.

FRAGRANT SOZODONT

Is a composition of the purest and choicest ingredients of the vegetable kingdom. It cleanses, beautifies, and preserves the **TEETH**, hardens and invigorates the gums, and cools and refreshes the mouth. Every ingredient of this **Balsamic** dentifrice has a beneficial effect on the **Teeth and Gums. Impure Breath**, caused by neglected teeth, catarrh, tobacco, or spirits, is not only neutralized, but rendered fragrant, by the daily use of **SOZODONT.** It is as harmless as water, and has been indorsed by the most scientific men of the day. Sold by druggists.

THE BEST PRESENT

YOU CAN GIVE TO YOUR

Mother, Wife, or Sister

IS ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR OF

SEWING MACHINES,

THE DOMESTIC

Ware & Show Rooms, 14th St. & Broadway, N. Y.

Every Man His own printer

$3 Press Prints labels, cards, etc. (Self-inker $5) 9 Larger sizes For business, pleasure, young or old. Catalogue of Presses, Type, Etc., for 2 stamps. KELSEY & Co. Meriden, Conn. Saves ½ in printing bills! Cheapest way to ad'tise!

HALL, NICOLL, GRANBERY,

20 & 22 JOHN STREET,

NEW YORK.

FAIENCES.

A choice collection, comprising a great variety of articles FROM THE CELEBRATED POTTERIES OF THE CONTINENT AND ENGLAND.

PORCELAIN and MAJOLICA.

VASES, BASKETS, PITCHERS, WALL-POCKETS, PLAQUES, COMPOTES, &c.

THEODORE B. STARR,

(Of the late firm of STARR & MARCUS,)

No. 206 Fifth Ave., bet. 25th & 26th Sts.

Extending through to No. 1126 Broadway,

IMPORTER OF ARTISTIC

BRONZES, CLOCKS, ETC.

IF YOUR WASTE PIPES ARE STOPPED,

Instead of sending for a Plumber, use one of our RUBBER

ELASTIC FORCE CUPS,

SENT BY MAIL ON RECEIPT OF PRICE,

50 CENTS.

HODGMAN & CO.,

Sole Manufacturers,

27 Maiden Lane, New York.

SEND FOR DESCRIPTION.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

A WEEKLY PAPER FOR

YOUNG PEOPLE

AND THE

FAMILY

It aims to be a favorite in every family—looked for eagerly by the young folks, and read with interest by the older. Its purpose is to interest while it amuses; to be judicious, practical, sensible, and to have really permanent worth, while it attracts for the hour.

It is handsomely illustrated, and has for contributors some of the most attractive writers in the country. Among these are:

J. T. Trowbridge, Dinah Muloch Craik.
James T. Fields, J. G. Whittier,
Rebecca H. Davis, Louise C. Moulton,
Charlotte Mary Yonge, C. A. Stephens,
Edward Everett Hale, Harriett P. Spofford,
Rose Terry Cooke, A. D. T. Whitney,
Louisa M. Alcott.

Its reading is adapted to the old and young; is very comprehensive in its character. It gives

Stories of Adventure, Stories of Home and School Life,
Letters of Travel, Tales, Poetry,
Editorials upon Current Topics, Selections for Declamation.
Articles on Health, Anecdotes, Puzzles,
Biographical Sketches, Sports and Pastimes.
Religious Articles,

Subscription Price, $1 75. Specimen copies sent free. Please mention in what paper you read this advertisement.

PERRY MASON & CO.,

41 Temple Place, Boston.

MARSHALL'S PREPARED CUBEBS,

A Sure Remedy for CATARRH, COLD in the HEAD, ASTHMA, all DISEASES of the THROAT, Hay-Fever, Foul Breath, &c.

DEPOT,

JAMES B. HORNER,

59 Maiden Lane, N. Y., U. S. A.

Sample box by mail, postage prepaid, on receipt of 25 cents. Sold by Druggists.

THOSE CONTEMPLATING

The purchase of an elegant and durable Gold Watch will find that the

Ladd Patent Stiffened Gold Watch-Case,

With a good movement in it, is the article they want. Elaborately or simply engraved, beautifully engine-turned or left plain polished, these cases are designed to suit all tastes and most purses—their price being much less than those of solid gold. They are finished in Hunting and Open Face—Key and Stem-winding—in Ladies', Gents', and Boys' sizes, and in all shapes and styles. Ask your dealer for them. None genuine that are not stamped "G. W. Ladd's Patent," with date under the bezel. Send for full descriptive circulars to the Manufacturers,

J. A. BROWN & CO., 11 Maiden Lane, New York.

Messrs. TIFFANY & CO.'S stock of MEDIUM-PRICED JEWELRY is complete in every department, and includes a great variety of highly attractive goods of entirely new patterns, such as

Bracelets, Brooches, Lace Pins, Earrings, Sleeve Links, Handkerchief Holders, Lockets, Fancy Rings, Watch Chains, Seal Rings, Sleeve Buttons, Etc. Seals, Pencils, Scarf Pins, Whistles, Scarf Rings, Compasses, Suspender Mountings, Neck Chains, Beads, Etc.

TIFFANY & CO.'S "Blue Book" for 1878-9, containing lists of articles for presents, with prices, is sent to any address on request.

UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK.

DECKER BROTHERS PIANOS

Have shown themselves so far superior to all others in excellence of workmanship, elasticity of touch, beauty of tone, and great durability, that they are now earnestly sought for by all persons desiring the

VERY BEST PIANOS.

Low Prices. Easy Terms.

CAUTION: No Decker Pianos genuine unless marked

DECKER BROTHERS,

NEW YORK.

No. 33 UNION SQUARE, N. Y.

BURNETT'S

FRAGRANT

Lasting Delicate

REFRESHING

COLOGNE

FOR SALE BY

PARK & TILFORD,
ACKER, MERRALL, & CONDIT,
GEORGE SLOANE,
R. H. MACY & CO.,
B. ALTMAN & CO.,

And all respectable Grocers and Druggists.

FISHERMEN!

TWINES AND NETTING,

MANUFACTURED BY

WM. E. HOOPER & SONS, Baltimore, Md.

☞ Send for Price-List, naming your County and State.

H. W. JOHNS' ASBESTOS

LIQUID PAINTS, ROOFING, BOILER COVERINGS, Steam Packing, Sheathings, Fire Proof Coatings, Cements.

SEND FOR SAMPLES, ILLUSTRATED PAMPHLET AND PRICE LIST.

H. W. JOHNS M'F'G Co., 87 MAIDEN LANE, N. Y.

UNION ADAMS,

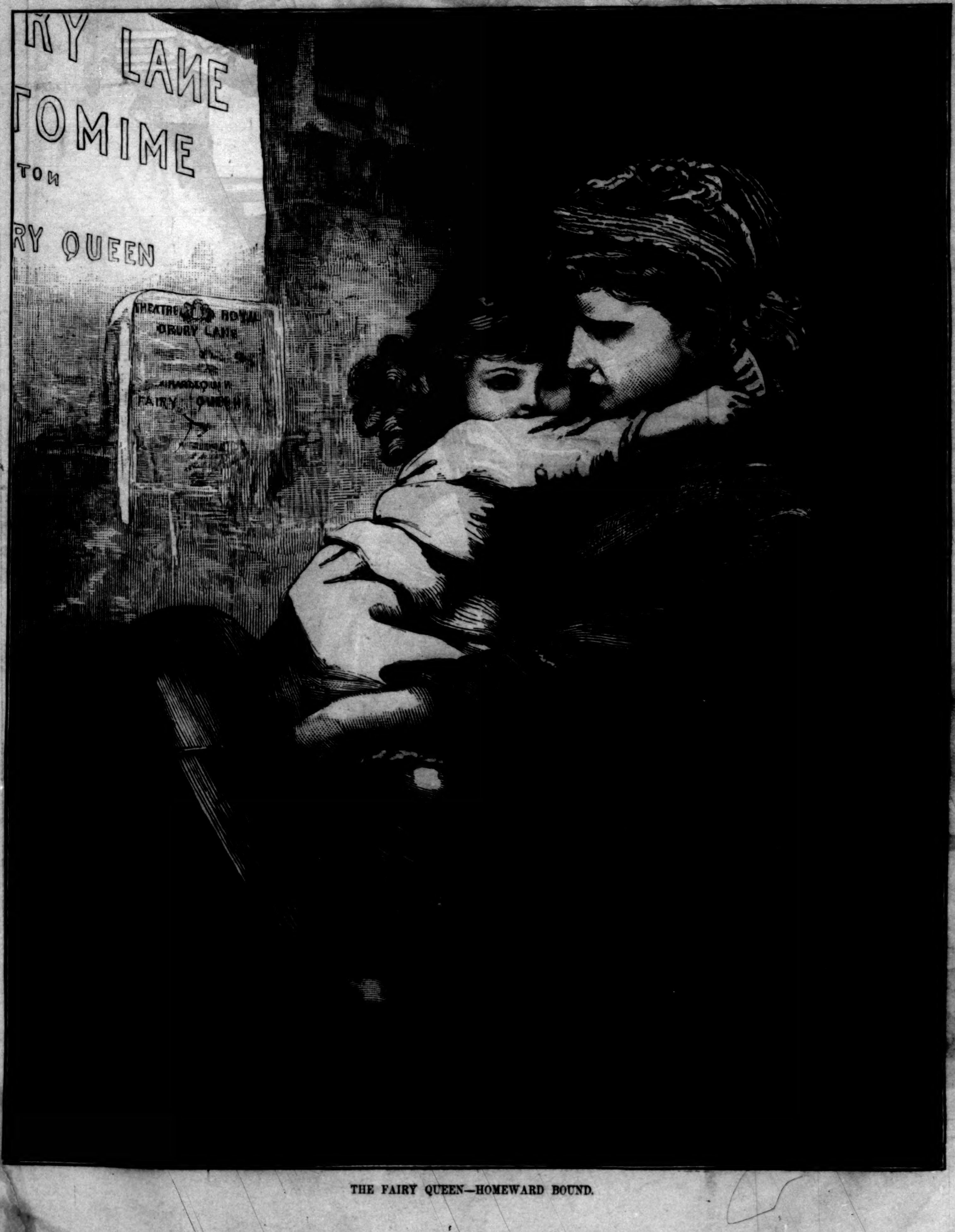
MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS,

1127 Broadway,

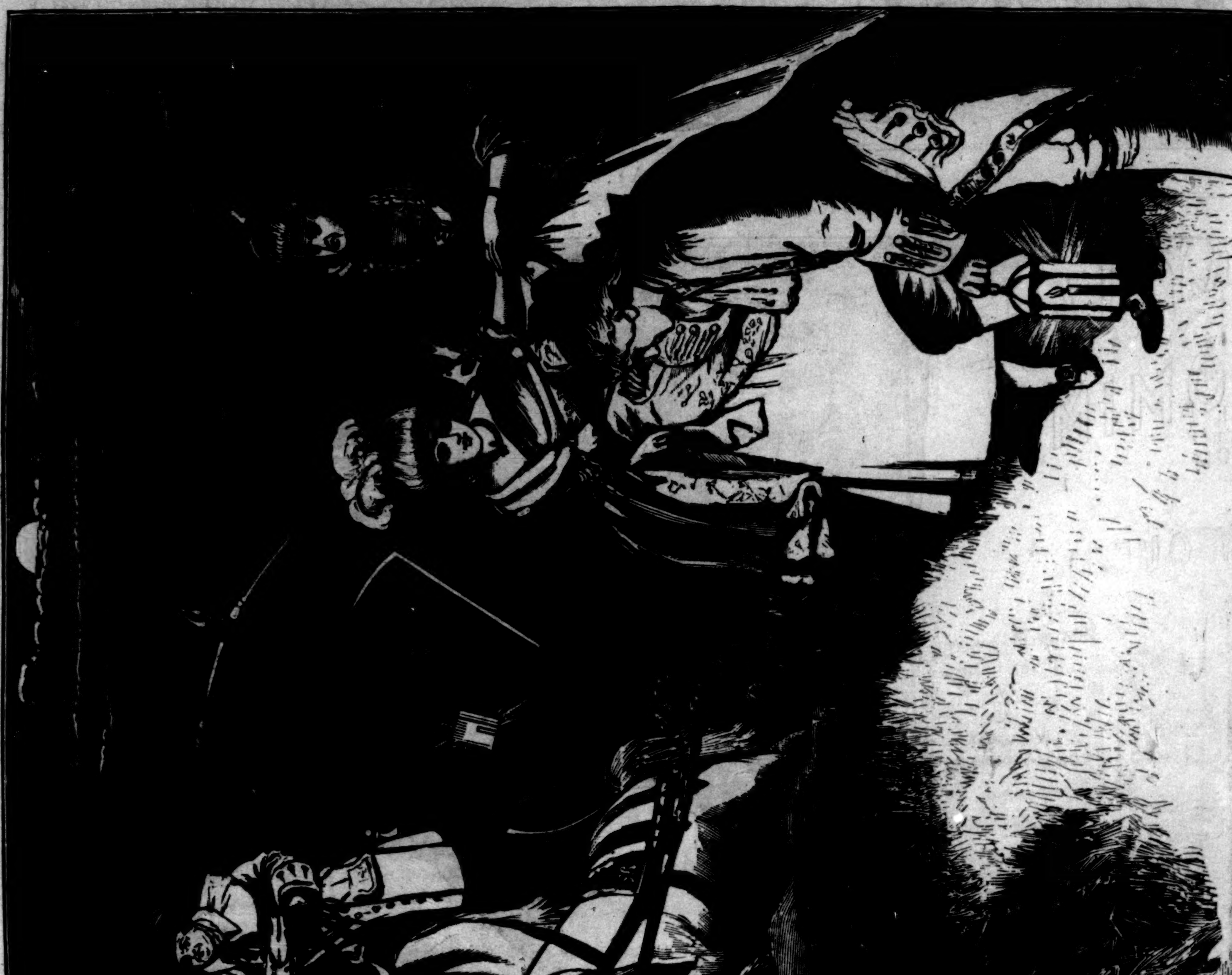
Bet. 25th and 26th Sts., NEW YORK.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
CHRISTMAS SUPPLEMENT

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1878.



THE FAIRY QUEEN—HOMEWARD BOUND.



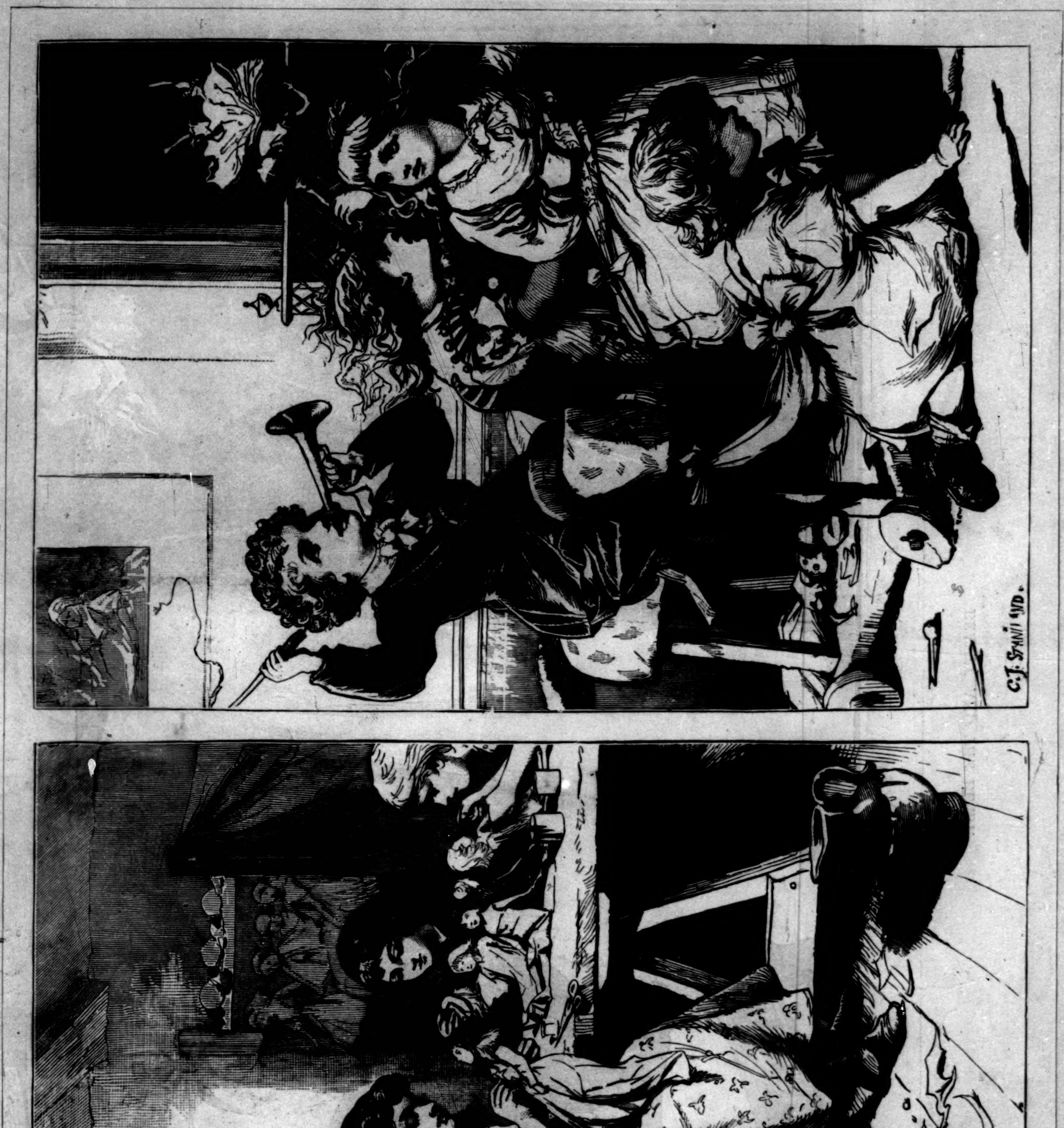
GOING TO A CHRISTMAS DINNER ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

CHRISTMAS IN IRELAND—A LANDLORD DISTRIBUTING MEAT TO HIS TENANTS.

CHRISTMAS IN MANITOBA.

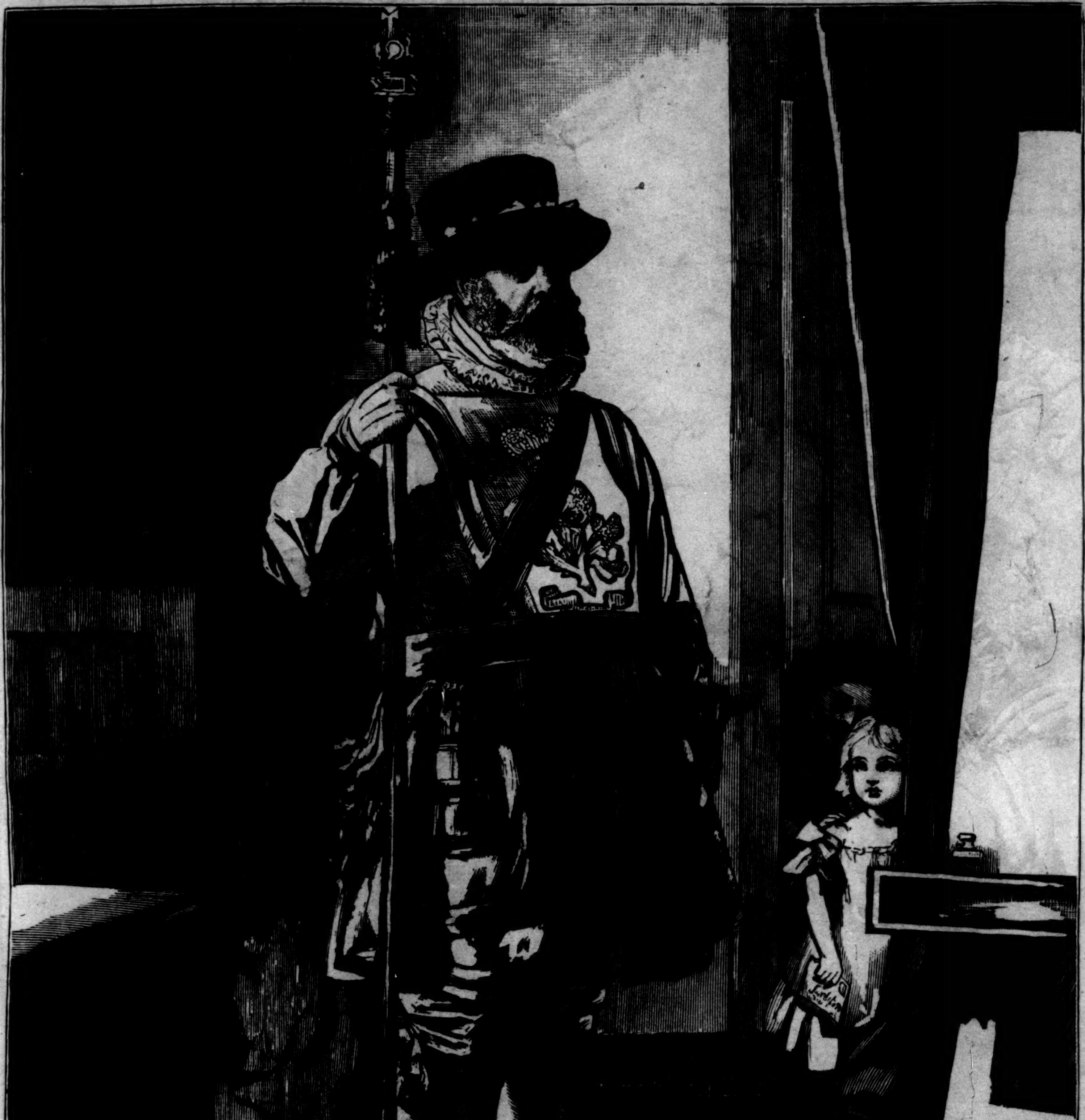
CHRISTMAS IN THE JUNGLE.

THE TUG OF WAR



DOLL-MAKERS AND DOLL-BREAKERS.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.



A MODEL BEEF-EATER.

A KNIGHT OF THE CLEAVER.

PREPARING FOR A NIGHTMARE.

COURTSHIP BEHIND THE SCENES.

LOVE'S GALLOP.

I.

SHE and I, years ago,
Took a ride;
Through the wind, through the snow,
Side by side!
Through the fog, through the fen—
Weary land!—
On we jogged, steady then,
Rein in hand.

II.

She and I rode again—
Pleasant dream!—
Slacker hands on the rein
By a stream:
Never mist, never showers—
Why not sing?
Trotting fast through the flowers
Kissed by spring.

III.

Through the moss, through the fern,
Through the heat—
'Neath the blue, by the burn,
Firm in seat—
Rosy-cheeked—"Life or death!"
Is our cry.
Galloped now out of breath,
She and I.

IV.

Faster still—cares behind
We outpaced:
On we rode, through the wind,
Till we raced
Side by side. Neither gains—
Why not die?
Still we held to the reins,
She and I.

V.

Oh! the turf, how it rang
To our steeds,
As they raced and they sprang
O'er the meads!
Oh! the woods and their gold,
On the day
When the reins from our hold
Slipped away!

ROMANCE ON FOUR WHEELS.

By F. W. ROBINSON.

WELL, Sir, I've spelled it all over in a wariety of ways, and I've come to the conclusion that it was a Call. I don't mean one of those nasty things that they adwertise in the noosepapers as a substitoot for life-belts, but a Call clean off the ranks, or out of the ranks, if you choose to look upon it in that light. And this is how it came about—in the Christmas time too, which makes it a proper sort of story for this time of the year, you see. To begin with, then, I was the only cab to be found—the only cab that had turned up for ever so long, the porter at the station told me, with a good deal of bad langwidge, to which I was pretty well used, and even dealt in largely on my own account. It's no good mincing matters about what *I* was at that time of my career, for the perlice knew it, and the charge sheets at the station proved it, and the back of my license had been specially 'dorsed in a neat round hand in order to catch the eye of the next official who might be curious enough to ask to see it. In fact, Sir, and to make a clean breast of it, I was about as bad a cabby as ever trundled his four-wheeler within the radius, and out of it; I was a wampire cabman who preyed upon his customers, and was fond of rum. I was an aboosive cabman, too, and let 'em have it hot and strong if they tried it on with me with their trumpery fares to the measly tanner, and nothink over, except a yard or two belonging to the next mile, which the stingy beggars wanted to argy on to their side of the account. For we have lots of close-fisted uns, or near uns, or hard uns, I can tell you—they're not all angels that wants driving home—and I ain't been allers in the wrong, though tolerable often, p'r'aps, if you tot me up day after day, and callylate my fines at Bow Street and other cribs of that kind. I never took less than my fare. I'm 'shamed to say I took a great deal more once of a confused genelman from a City dinner, who gave me suverins for shillings; and the way in which I've bullied the defenseless sex, when aged and borne down by parcels, brings the blush to my leather cheeks to think of now.

Why I went out that partikler Boxing-night I've never been able to properly understand. I had had a good day of it, and a fairish lot of stim'lant, though I wasn't in any way unfit for business, as many of 'em were. I was never industrious, and I lived werry much from hand to mouth, and generally with a glass in my hand; I was fond of my holidays in bar-parlers, on holiday occasions. I had lots of pals who wouldn't have gone out a Boxing-night to drive the Queen of England home from the pantermine; I had even a friend at the door of the Swillchester, who had promised to pass me in when the company had settled down, and Mr. MacHowler had begun his pop'lar war-whoop; and Bill Chumps had asked me to his private sing-song down at Stepney. But for some reason or other—I say now it was a Call!—I got my horse and cab from Bones's yard, and trundled off to business about half past nine at night. I remembers that I was in a misantropical mood—I had been fined last week forty shillings, or a month—"the money was paid," the papers said, and I read it with pride, though I should have to pay it back in bits and with interest to that screw of a Bones; but it was a bitter night and snowing hard, and too early for the theayter, and yet out I went, bang off to the Great Nutthern, or thereabouts rather—for I was not allowed to pick up fares inside the Company's property—oh, no!—not arf good enuf for 'em, Sir, Lor' bless you—no!—though they would have gone down on their knees, the whole direction, if I had come in that night and helped 'em. I was in an aggerawating mood—I often was at that time with only arf my reg'lar quantity of rum in me. I didn't go on the rank, but drove along the Eustin Road, and then back agin to King's Cross, and couldn't see any one who hailed me, and was "engaged" to every body who wanted to ride partikler, and would have an answer out o' me. This was my rewenge on society—I often did it—it was my orty sperit to refuse their fares and cut 'em dead. Hadn't they fined me forty bob?—didn't the Beak think that I shouldn't have the money, and be obliged to do my month?—hadn't they worried me about my number, and measured the distance wrong, and told a lot of lies about my being imperent, and backed the blooming license?—why should I take any body that pleased to shriek out "Hi!" to me? Let 'em "Hi!"—I was blind and deaf, and I wanted a good big fare, and exactly in the direction I was going presently—which was Stepney way, to Bill Chumps's sing-song—and I wasn't in a nurry, if other people were.

Well, it rained and snowed and froze all at once in fine style, and the people in the streets were looking as nice and miserable as they could look, when I thought I'd turn the corner of Muffler Street, and draw up on the quiet side of "The Royal Veteran" and have just arf a quartern of Jamakey. I had nearly finished, and was wishing the landlady a merry Christmas and a happy New Year, and telling her that I was bound to Stepney presently, when in bounced a perliceman and a railway porter, jest as if the place belonged to 'em.

"Is that yer cab outside?" asked the perliceman.

"Yes, it *is* my cab," I said.

"Then you ought to be in charge of it."

"Oh! ought I?"

"And come out."

"Werry well—I'm coming out."

"There's a fare waiting for you at the station," said the porter. "I have been looking for a cab these ten minits; come on."

"Where's the fare want to go?"

"Peckham. She's—"

"I'm engaged for ten minutes past ten to drive an old gent to Bedlam," I said, a little too ironical, for I don't think they believed me, "and I'm sorry I can't take her."

"Oh! that won't do—"

"And I'm sorry I can't take her," I said again, when I was firm upon my box; and away I druv, despising them both. I heard the perliceman call out, "I know you, Jonas Pledge;" but I didn't mind his knowing me; and if I was engaged to take up another fare to Bedlam, what business was it of his? I wasn't on the rank, or plying for hire, was I?

I heard the porter say, "Poor little gal," too, which was the fare to Peckham he would have let me in for, I s'pose. Wot was a poor little gal to do with me? I wanted rich gals, and old uns, and unpertected uns in my wehicle, if I carried any gals at all. "Poor little gal," indeed! I quite laughed at the notion when I had got out of sight and hearing of 'em.

Presently I turned. A boy was tearing along the roadway after me, and I nearly run him down at fust.

"Hi, cab! you're wanted. 'Old 'ard—wait a bit."

"Who wants me?"

"A large party—at the station—mother and kids from York—going to a ball—Stepney—oh! haven't I run!"

"Stepney—are you sure they said Stepney?"

"Swear they said Stepney," was the reply. "You ain't engaged?"

"No. Jump on the box; they'll give you sumfink for fetching me to-night."

"They've promised me a shillin'."

"That's liberal; I shall want a drink out o' that."

"Right you are, guv'ner," said the boy.

Off we went to the station and to the arrival platform, where the guards were, and one or two perlicemen, and a girl in black sitting on a thumping wainscot box, with iron clamps at every corner of it. I knew one of the perlice again, I knew the porter; I saw the boy wink at both of 'em and laugh, and I knew that I was sold—clean done for, and at my age, too, thirty-two and a arf, and with my eggsperience. This was the "poor little gal." I was sure of it before a word came out of their grinning mouths.

"He ain't engaged, he says," shouted the boy.

"I said I was engaged; but if the fare warn't more than a mile—"

"Come, come; that won't do here," said the perliceman; "we can't have any of that nonsense. Give me your number, and give this lady a ticket, and take her to Lauristina House, Circumambient Terrace, Peckham Rye, and look sharp about it, Pledge, or you'll hear from us again."

"This is a pretty sort of go," I muttered.

"If you ain't afraid of him, there's your cab," said the porter to the lady; "but make sure of his number, and let 'em know at Scotland Yard if he's sarcy, or asks too much. His fare is exactly two-and-six; but you might spring another sixpence, as it's a bad night, and if he's civil; but he does not deserve it for all that. You are sure you are not afraid to go with him?"

"No," said the girl, looking at me steadily; "I don't think he would do me any harm."

"I'm not going to hurt you, or to eat you," I replied.

I was not partickerly perlite over the job; but somehow—and odd it is to think of now—I was already softened by the sight of one of the prettiest little faces that mortal man ever clapped his eyes on. She was certainly the prettiest little woman *I* had ever seen—and one sees a lot of women in thirty-two years, if you look about you properly—and she wasn't happy, but seemed as if she'd been a-crying a good deal. And she wasn't what you would call a real lady—that is, a swell lady—with a house of her own to drive to, but something like a trim, nicely dressed, neatly built little bit of a servant-maid, who was going to her new place, and had the whole of her property in that box which they were lumping on to my roof. And that's exactly what she was: which shows that I was a man of hobserwation, with a hawk-like penetration, anyhow.

She got into the cab and forgot all about my number, which I did not remind her of; for many of these fares get in like lambs, and turn out like raging tigresses when it comes to settling up. I thought I might as well be cautious. But the perlice looked at my badge, and the porter booked the number of my cab behind—which was a mean perceeding, though I pretended not to see him.

"Wot's the address?" I said to my fare.

"Mrs. Botherton's, Lauristina House, Circumambient Terrace, Peckham Rye," she said. "I have it written here upon a card."

"Give it me presently, if I ask you for it. Is this terris near the 'Kentish Drovers?'"

"I never was at Peckham. I don't know any drovers."

"Oho!" I said, with a laugh at her innersence that didn't do me any harm. She leaned out of the winder and thanked the porter and the perliceman and the boy, who looked as pleased as if she'd given them arf a crown a piece; and then we went out of the station, and slowly along the greasy Gray's Inn Road.

Good gracious! it *was* a-snowing and a-blowing and a-freezing when we turned into the open street; it was a precious sort of night to go off to Peckham Rye, when one had built upon a fare Stepney way—and the road all ice, too, and the 'orse not so firm upon his hoofs as he had been eighteen or twenty years ago.

The little good humor that was in me, or had come out of me at the sight of the young woman in the cab, soon froze up with the weather, and I thought of the hardships of my life, and the distance, and of Bill Chumps's sing-song at Stepney, until I was in a wus temper than afore.

We got to Peckham Rye somehow; we didn't walk or trot there—we *slithered*. Once or twice I tried to look through the frost on the winder-panes to see how my fare was taking it, and she seemed taking it uncommon easy, with herself screwed into a corner fast asleep. She didn't seem to care that I was going clean out of my way to oblige her, and had to get back to Stepney—not she, indeed. Whoever did think of a cabman's feelings, or fancied that he had got any?

There was a perliceman in the road at last, and I pulled up and asked if he knew Circumambient Terrace. He did know, or he pretended he did—these Bobbies are allers so awful clever!

I had another mile to go—that was my luck, of course—and the Circumambient wasn't on the Rye—what hignorant hasses people are with their haddresses!—but in one of the new roads at the back of the Rye, where all the building was going on by wholesale. He couldn't exactly remember the exact spot, but I should find another officer further along, and he could put me in the way, as it was on his beat.

But that other "officer," as he called him—the conceited cuss!—was too wise a man to do more duty than he could conweniently help on Boxing-night, and I'm in a condition to swear now that he was nowhere on *his* beat. I don't blame him for making hisself comfortable somewhere, if there was a cook with a feeling heart down a Peckham airy, but I felt his loss uncommon. For he *was* nowhere about; and if I went down one new street bumping and jolting along roads that would have been a disgrace to the army in the East, I went down a hunderd all exactly alike, all arf finished, half of 'em unlighted, none with human beings to be seen about, and not even a cat or a dog alive in 'em.

Of course I lost myself; I had never been further than the Rye afore, and it was cross-country to me, and no mistake. As for getting hinformation from any body, that was as much out of the question as if I'd been driving about the back slums of the South-sea Islands. I pulled up at no end of houses where the lights were behind the blinds, as if the folks were up and lively; and those who did answer the knock—they weren't many of 'em—gaped at me open-mouthed, and had never heard of such a place. All but one old man who kept a chandler's shop and potted-lobster factory; he knew all about it. He was another of your wise uns, he was! I had come out of my way—I could have told him that—oh! I was ever so far out of my way! If I took six turnings to the right, and then crossed a field—oh! he forgot I had a cab with me, and there was only a swing-gate—well, if I went round the field, and got to the back of Hoggins's Chapel, and then went straight on till I came to Smith Street, I should see Circumambient Terrace marked up. Which I never did that extrornary night, I will take my solemn oath on. I never found the terris. To make my story short, it was beyond all my powers in the dark, and with nobody about. The fare, when she woke up, got hysterical, and then narvous, and at last skeered. I fancy she remembered the warning at the railway station, and thought p'r'aps that I had done it on purpose "to pay her out" for having to carry her against my will. And I was dead beat and frost-bit, and so was Bones's knacker.

About three hours after we had left King's Cross we were in a Lord-forsaken street, at one in the morning, with two wheels of the cab in the ruts of the roadway, and the others on what the parish called a path and kubstone. We had stuck fast, and the horse wanted to lie down. My fare had lowered the winder, and was looking out, pale and skeered, and my heart went clean into my boots at the sight of her distress, and I was full of sympafy for her again. Which *was* odd—which makes it more like a Call than ever—for I was wild and hard and savige enuf the moment afore, and could have bullied my own mother, if I had had her handy.

"Cabman, where are we?"

"Blest if I know; blest if I'd care if it wasn't for you."

"Oh dear! what shall I do? What will they think at my place, and my coming there at this time of night?"

"Coming there! why, we ain't there, are we?"

"Can't you get on any further?"

"I don't think I shall ever be able to get off this kub; the wheels got wedged somehow; p'r'aps somebody will come by presently and help me with a shove."

"Can't I help you?"

"Oh, Lor', no! Sit still, and be happy."

"But the cab's all on one side."

"It won't go over."

"Where's my box?"

"That's pretty straight; it's froze up there perpendikley."

And so it had, too!

With all her fright she laughed quite sudden at this, and I was glad to see her in better spirits.

"Do you know, I think you've done your best to find Mrs. Botherton's."

"'Pon my soul I have."

"Then I won't cry any more. I'll try and bear up; but oh, what a dreadful place London is!"

"This bit of it isn't lively, certainly. Do you mind putting that winder up?"

"Why?"

"Cos you'll catch your death of cold; and I'm going to run to the corner of the street to see if I can find any body."

"You won't be very long, Mr. Cabman?"

"Why?"

"Because I don't feel safe in this dark street without you."

"Lor' bless you, almost the first Bobby you meet will tell you you're safer without me by a long chalk."

"The first what?"

"Oh! never mind. What a gal you are to ask questions! I'll be back in five minits. You won't find any body about to-night, I'm sure."

"I hope not. But don't be long away."

It was odd for this country lass to be anxious about me, or for any body to be anxious about me, for the matter of that. I hadn't had a soul to care for me, believe in me, say a good word for me, for fifteen years or more—I don't say that it wasn't my fault—and the idea of any one wanting to see me again after I had even turned my back upon 'em—more partikler a fare—was most astonishing. I went away, thinking of this; I stopped at the corner of the next street to think of it again. I came back without finding any thing but half-built houses, scaffold poles, snow, and frost, but I thought of it all the way to the cab and Mary Daykin. That was her name, I found out soon afterward, and a werry pretty name it is.

I found Mary Daykin and the cab on one side, and the horse anyhow, just as I had left the three of them. She had been looking out for me, too.

"Oh, what a time you've been away!" she said.

"Of all the infernal roads and streets; of all the—"

"Please don't swear," said Mary, "only take me to Mrs. Botherton's, Lauristina House, Circum—"

"I shall swear orful if you mention that beastly terris again. Can't you sleep?"

"Oh dear, no."

"Then come out of the cab, and I'll see if I can move it."

Mary did so.

"Shall I take the horse out of the shafts?" she asked.

"You!"

"I understand horses. My poor father was a coachman at York before he died."

"Was he, though? Almost in my line, eh?"

"He drove the 'bus for the Biffin Hotel for ten years."

"I drove a 'bus once."

I drove into a gentleman's carriage, and peeled the veneer and varnish off to the tune of six pounds four, and was sacked at a moment's notice, too, but I did not tell her that. All that was in my happy days, afore I took to rum.

"How strange!" she said. "Ah! my poor father was very much respected."

I wasn't. But I did not tell her that, either.

"And many a time in the stable-yard—we had rooms over the stable—he taught me how to harness the horses."

"Ah! I think for all that we'd better let the animal be; if we take him out he'll be on his knees in a jiffy."

"But—"

"And as for stopping here, or letting you stop in this"—I did swear here; I couldn't help it—"street any longer, blarmed if I do."

I made a dash at the cab and a wrench at the front wheels. I gave a sudden plunge with my whole body at the wehicle, and, crash, crash, the fore wheels came off the axle-tree, and the whole thing was smashed up and done for. It kept its upright position, though it looked more like a Bath-chair than a four-wheeler, and the girl's box stuck on the roof hard and fast, which was the only thing about the frost that night that there was any thing to be grateful for.

"Oh, my!—oh! the poor horse!" said Mary Daykin.

Not that there was any thing the matter with the poor horse, except weakness and cold in the stummick; he wasn't hastonished; he was dead

and deaf to all emotion; he didn't even look round to see what had happened; he might have been wondering what had become of his nose-bag, which I had forgotten was under the seat till that moment.

"What's to be done now?" said Mary.

"There was the rub down," as the man says at the theayter. The position was getting mixed. What was to be done? What was to become of me, and especially of Mary Daykin, I couldn't quite make out.

"Can't you think of any thing to do?" suggested Mary Daykin, piteously.

"Well, if you'll allow me to get out of hearing, and have a darned good swear, I think I might pull my faculties together."

"Oh, don't talk like that!" said Mary; "what good will that do?"

"I've found it answer afore now."

"Not that. Oh, I'm so sorry for your cab, too!"

"You'd better be sorry for old Bones, though the infernal rascal knew this cab wasn't stronger than a box of lucifers when he sent it out to-night. He—"

"I shall get the horse out of these shafts, at any rate."

And, by George, Sir! before I could stop her she had done it, and the animal didn't fall down, as I thought he would, but looked round for his nose-bag as much like a human critter as ever you saw in your life. We put him on his supper, and then I, at Mary's suggestion again—if ever there was a thoughtful, good-tempered little woman, it was this one—took him out of the cold into one of the half-finished houses opposite, where the basement floor made quite a stable for him.

When I came back Mary Daykin was in the cab, sitting all aslant, but quite content and patient.

"I've got here out of the cold, Mr. Cabman, if you don't mind."

"If I don't mind!" I exclaimed; "that's the only place you can get to yet awhile, unless you'll do a run with me round the streets, and see if we can find that cussed terris."

"I shouldn't care to leave my box."

"Is there much in it?"

"Not a great deal, but it's all I have in the world."

"I don't think any body could make off with it easy," I said; "but we're a foot deep in snow now, and you'll get your feet wet. Besides, I don't believe there is such a terris, or such a house, or such a name as Botherton."

"Oh, my gracious!"

"You've been 'oaxed—we've both been 'oaxed."

"I don't believe there's any body bad enough in all the world to play me such a trick. I," she added, "don't know any body who dislikes me."

"I warrant you don't," I said, "and we won't think it a 'oax till the daylight. I'm blowed if we won't have to stop here till the daylight, unless I can find the place or another cabby. And that's what I'm going to do now."

"It's very kind of you to take all this trouble, and I sha'n't forget it."

"Thankee."

"What's your name? I don't like to keep on saying 'Mr. Cabman.'"

"My name's Pledge. Wot's yours?"

She told me, and that is how I came to know the name of Mary Daykin.

I left her in search of the terris, and I had a run round the houses without finding it or any body. She hoped I wouldn't go too far and lose myself, and her, and the horse, who was the best off of the three of us; and I turned up in twenty minits, and tapped at the glass to let her know I was there.

"What a time you have been, Mr. Pledge!"

"Haven't you been to sleep?"

"No."

"Try and have a nap while I make for the high-road. Perhaps if I get there and shout, somebody will hear me."

And off I went agin; but I might as well have tried to find the north pole as the high-road, or any road but these new buildings. I was clean lost. I tried a shout or two, but it was no use, and I came back to Mary Daykin with no good news to cheer her up.

Meanwhile Mary Daykin had an idea—bless her innersent little heart, she was from the country, indeed!

"Don't you think, Mr. Pledge, if you were to knock up somebody at the houses that are occupied—we have passed one or two—they would take us in till the morning, and give us something to eat and drink?"

"I think they wouldn't myself," I said; "and I think we should get into trouble for waking people up, too. But if you like, leave the box—"

"No, I won't leave my box," said Mary, very firmly; "only with you," she added, "if you'll mind it while I run round."

"You'd lose yourself in arf a minit, child," I said. "There! try and go to sleep agin; I'll have another spin."

And away I went for the third time; and, by Jingo! it *was* a spin. I lost myself instead of her this time—lost my way clean, and could not find her for hours—the Lord knows how many, or where I walked, and how I went round and round this beastly neighborhood of bricks and mortar, under-done back streets, and sloshy fields and roads, with the snow going it all the time, and no human being about that dirty night. I began to think it must be a dream, when I turned into the right street at last, and saw the fragments of my cab all of a heap in the road, just as I had left them, only the snow was thicker on the roof, and there was a perliceman—a real live perliceman—at the cab door talking to Mary Daykin.

As I came up I heard the perliceman say—he was a young, red-faced, but not a bad-looking, peeler,

"Yes, that's the man I thought.—Oh, you've come back at last, have you?" he said, addressing me.

"Did you think I was going to run away?" I asked.

"I didn't," said Mary Daykin; "I knew I could trust you, Mr. Pledge."

"Ah! Pledge is the name," said the perliceman. "You were at Kennington Lane Police Court three weeks ago."

"How do you know?"

"I heard the case. I've heard a dozen cases with you in 'em."

"You're lucky."

All my bad temper came back at the sight of that man, or at hearing him let out my little faults to Mary Daykin. She was nothing to me but a fare, after all—never likely to be; but somehow I didn't want her to know that I'd been a bad un all my life a'most. And I didn't want her to turn agin me, even for a quarter of an hour, which I calkylated might be the end of our acquaintance.

"The sooner you're rid of this fellow, the better," he went on. "He might have robbed and murdered you in this street, and nobody the wiser—only I come down it once an hour."

"Wot a liar!" I exclaimed; and then I seized my adwantage here. "He can tell a good one, he can," I added; "why, we've been here since one o'clock. Who's going to believe what you say?"

"Well, I say this—that you've come down the wrong turning purposely. There's no good saying you don't know your way about these parts, because you do, and I shall book the case and take your number."

"Book away, and take what you like," I said.

"And if I have any more imperence, I shall lock you up. You've been drinking, and you weren't fit to drive."

I didn't answer. I knew it was uncommon easy to make a case out of this. I thought how I had been booked and entered and warned at the Great Northern, and how the license would go for good or bad, and forever, after this unlucky night.

"It's a bad case, and you'll be summoned in the morning," said the Bobby.

"Summon and be—"

"Don't answer him—oh, don't look so wicked as that!" cried Mary; "you haven't done any harm; you've been all that's kind and thoughtful, and you couldn't help the accident. And he sha'n't say a word against you, Mr. Pledge, while I can be your witness."

"Gord bless you, young woman!" I burst forth. I couldn't help it, but the tears came up into my eyes for the first time in all my cabman's life.

"Oh! If *you* haven't any thing to say against him—if you're satisfied—that's a different thing; but he *is* a bad un, and it's lucky I've come round to help you."

"He's not a bad one!" cried Mary, with her pretty face all aglow in my defense.

Think of that, now—in MY defense!

"And what are you squatting in that cab for?" said the perliceman, turning upon her suddenly, like the wiper that he was. "Goodness knows, if you've been there since twelve, you ought to be ashamed of yourself, with Circumambient Terrace the first turning to the right."

"What!" cried Mary.

"Wot!" cried I.

"The first turning to the right—just round the corner. Oh, you know well enough," said the policeman to me.

"Here, come in; help me to carry the box, if you're a man and a brother, and let us have the young woman out of this mess."

"I'll keep an eye on the box till you send somebody round to fetch it," said the policeman.

"No, I won't leave it with you," said Mary, very firmly; "I can't trust you. That's my box, and I won't leave sight of it."

"I'm sure he won't run away with it," I said.

This was ironical, for two of us could have hardly managed that; but the man brightened up as at a compliment.

"I'll help you," he said; and he did when Mary had got out of the cab. And a rare tough job it was, hauling down that frozen box; we both got hot and red and werry much strained over it, and it came away all of a run down hill at last, and drove one of its iron corners through the perliceman's helmet, and shaved off three big buttons from his uniform.

It was six o'clock when our little party of three went up the front steps of Lauristina House, a very little house in Circumambient Terrace, and knocked at the front-door. We didn't expect to be let in easy at that hour, but the door opened at once, and an old lady quite dressed, and with a night-cap on, stood in the passage holding a candle in her hand.

"Oh! you have come," she said, as mild as milk itself; "I thought the trains would be a little late on Boxing-night."

That old gal must have been an angel in disguise, I thought at first, but she had only been fast asleep in her chair all night, sitting up for her new servant, and did not know the time.

"If you please, Mrs. Botherton, the cab broke down, and—" began Mary.

"Yes, yes, tell me to-morrow," she said, more snappishly; "you're letting all the cold into the house. Pay the cabman, and come in, do."

"Oh dear, I don't know how to pay you—for every thing," said Mary, bewildered like as she took out her little purse.

"The fare's arf a crown, and you might spring a sixpence more, as it's a bad night, and if I've been civil," I muttered.

"Ah! that's what the man said at the railway station; but—"

"The fare is about half a crown," said the perliceman. "I wouldn't give him more, miss; it's his own fault if he comes out with a shaky cab."

"But," began Mary again, "he has been so good and kind and thoughtful; he has—"

"I'll make my bill out, and call to-morrow," I said, huskily. "I'd rather not take any money now, please."

And I didn't. I turned away, but she called me back.

"Very well. Think over what I owe you, Mr. Pledge, and please shake hands with me, and let me thank you."

"No, not now—to-morrow."

I shook hands, and she said—odd enough that was, too, to say it,

"You're not a bad one, as he thinks, and I never will believe it."

"Thankee—thankee."

I went away, and the "to-morrow" never saw me in Circumambient Terrace. Nor the next day, nor the day after, nor the week after those days, nor the month after that week. I didn't want to see her just then, and as I was just then, and I didn't want her money. I was not going to take three shillings from Mary Daykin; somehow I liked to think, and I was proud to think, that I had been of help to her without a bit of money for it. After all, I had done nothing but break down in a back slum, and keep her there miserable for hours, so the pride was took out of me by degrees, and I was left to wonder how she was getting on, and whether she ever thought of me, and still was sure I couldn't be a bad un.

When I was quite sure that I wasn't a bad un, I meant to go round to Circumambient Terrace, and show myself again; but I wasn't certain how long it would take to turn me out 'spectable. I was trying hard to get 'spectable, but it wouldn't come all of a sudden, for fares are dreadful contrariery, and my pals weren't good uns, and rum was more tempting that winter than ever I remember. But I gave it up at last—chucked rum clean overboard—took a pride in the next cab and horse old Bones found for me, and was reg'lar with my washing and shaving till they hardly knew me on the ranks, I was so orful clean. I was partikler over my personal appearance, they said, and I had to stand a lot of chaff from Bill Chumps and his sing-song lot—but I improved. I could feel myself improving all over—outardly and inardly.

It was hard lines waiting, but I have said before I wasn't in a nurry, and I didn't get puffect in the lump, but backslided a little once or twice. I had quite made up my mind to see Mary Daykin again, and in a brand-new character too. One afternoon, about tea-time, I took an old party from the Bank to Camberwell Green—he was a very old party, and very weak, for two of his clerks carried him into the cab like a Guy Fox. In the Grove, Camberwell, I set him down, and he took my arm to the door.

"Thank you," he said, "there's your fare, my man."

He gave me three shillings and sixpence.

"This is eighteenpence too much, Sir," I said.

The old gentleman leaned against his own door-post for support, and struggled for some time to get breath.

"Bless my soul and body!" he exclaimed.

"Just eighteenpence," I said.

"Good Lud! Have you been long at your business?"

"Twelve years, Sir."

"I have been fifty at mine, and I have had a cab from the City all those years, and I have never been told that I paid too much before."

He took back his eighteenpence. I had not expected that quite, but it was on my conscience to tell him. I had improved so!

"You're a fine fellow," he said; "you're a credit to cabmen. You can call for me every afternoon, if you like. You're a fine fellow, Sir."

I drove away as proud as a peacock. At the end of the grove I thought that as I was a fine fellow and a credit to cabmen, it was time I looked up Mary Daykin, and I went off in search of her at once, in the full flush of my poppylarity. I had a trouble to find that terris again—I lost myself three times in new streets, but there were people to ask questions of, and it was not long afore I was at the 'dentical house where the perliceman and I and Mary went up the steps in the morning after Boxing-day.

It was extrornary how my heart beat under my badge as I walked up those steps. Was I getting fat and puffy? Wasn't I well? It wasn't likely I could be bashful at my age. Cabmen can't be bashful—it ain't nateral. Yet I *was* bashful when she, Mary, opened the door, prettier and trimmer than ever, stared for a moment with her big eyes full of wonder, and then broke into a merry laugh and clapped her hands.

"Why, I declare, if it isn't Mr. Pledge!"

"Yes, that's him," I answered. "I'm the bad un!"

"Come in, please. I won't keep you long. I'll just run up stairs and get—"

"Not the money!" I exclaimed, in a more woolly voice than ever; "don't say anythink about the money. I ain't come for that."

"What have you come for, then?" she asked.

"Jest to see you—jest to see if you're well."

"Oh! I'm very well, thank you," she said, laughing.

"That's good hearing. And do you like your place?"

"Yes. Mrs. Botherton's very kind to me."

"And that's good hearing too. I think I'll go now."

I turned to go. It had struck me sudden that I hadn't any thing to stop for, or to say.

"But you haven't told me how you are, Mr. Pledge?"

"Oh! I'm allers well."

"You caught a bad cold that night. You're husky now."

"It's the fog on my chest."

"Why, it isn't foggy."

"It's comin' up thick," I stammered; "all down the Peckham Road, like soup. It'll be here presently."

"Is it, though? and— Oh! here's my mistress!"

Mrs. Botherton came out of her little parlor, and looked from one to the other.

"I haven't ordered a cab," said she.

"No, ma'am; but—"

"And you aren't going out in a cab, surely?"

"I'm not going out at all, ma'am."

"I thought your young man was coming for you at six?"

"If you please, ma'am, he's not my young man; and I wasn't going out with him; and I told him this morning I would never, never keep company with him."

"Who's she talking about?" I asked.

"Mr. Riggs—the—the policeman."

"Wot—*the* perliceman—the feller who—"

"Yes, that's the man," said Mary; "he's been calling ever since. He wanted me to go to the theatre to-night, as he's off duty, and got an order."

"He's a very respectable young man—I knew his father—he was a milkman, and had two cows on the Rye," said Mrs. Botherton.

"If you're going to the play with the Bobby, I'll drive you there for nothin'," I said, hoarser than ever; "not that I like him—not that I shouldn't die happy if I was to run over him; but I'll do it, if you're going."

"I'm not going."

"Don't you like him?"

"I can't bear him; but he's been here calling ever so many times since that night, on one excuse or another; and I can't abide him."

"I'm precious glad. Good-evening."

I could not say any more that night; I went away happy but muddled from my pretty Mary and that wicked old match-maker, her missus. I called again, though—without my cab—and at last took Mary to the theatre myself, all by myself, and in a new suit that made a tremengious swell of me. I wrote to her fust, and she sent word back she'd come, and a happy evening we spent together in the pit.

Going home that night, I drove her home in a hansom. I told her through the trap in the roof that I wasn't a bad un any longer, and that it was her own blessed self that had made a different man of me, and she cried a little, and said she didn't doubt it, and that she had never doubted me. I made her an offer through that trap—reg'larly proposed—and was accepted!

And so we kept company together when we could, and Mrs. Botherton allowed me to visit once a week, and see Mary, and I saved up, and Mary saved up, and Bones is going to let me have a cab of my own next week for fourteen pounds paid down, and the rest in monthly hinstallments till it's squared, and Mary next week will be my own Mrs. Pledge.

There, that's the long and short of it, Sir, and you're quite welcome to put it all into print, tidying up the langwidge here and there. It was a Call, wasn't it now? And it was all through my dear Mary, Heaven bless her!

THE CRUISE OF THE "NANCY JANE."

THE sky was dark, and the iron-bound coast
  Of the Battery loomed nigh,
When stout Ben Bow, of the *Nancy Jane*,
  O'er the billows cast his eye;
But his eye returned, and its steadfast glare
  At his nose's tip renewed,
For the cast came too, that had dwelt therein
  Ever since the world it viewed.

Then a sigh he heaved o'er the *Nancy's* bows,
  With a wild convulsive throe,
And he muttered words which I can't repeat,
  For his speech was somewhat low.
Then his glass he seized, and he looked again,
  With an anxious gaze and keen;
But the inky flood he swept in vain,
  For he couldn't sweep it clean.

And aye the frown on his brow increased
  As he marked the driving clouds,
While dead-eyes gleamed through the growing gloom,
  And the air seemed full of shrouds.
Down into the fathomless deep he hove
  The lead, with a seaman's prayer;
But the fathomless deep it proved indeed,
  For there wasn't a fathom there.

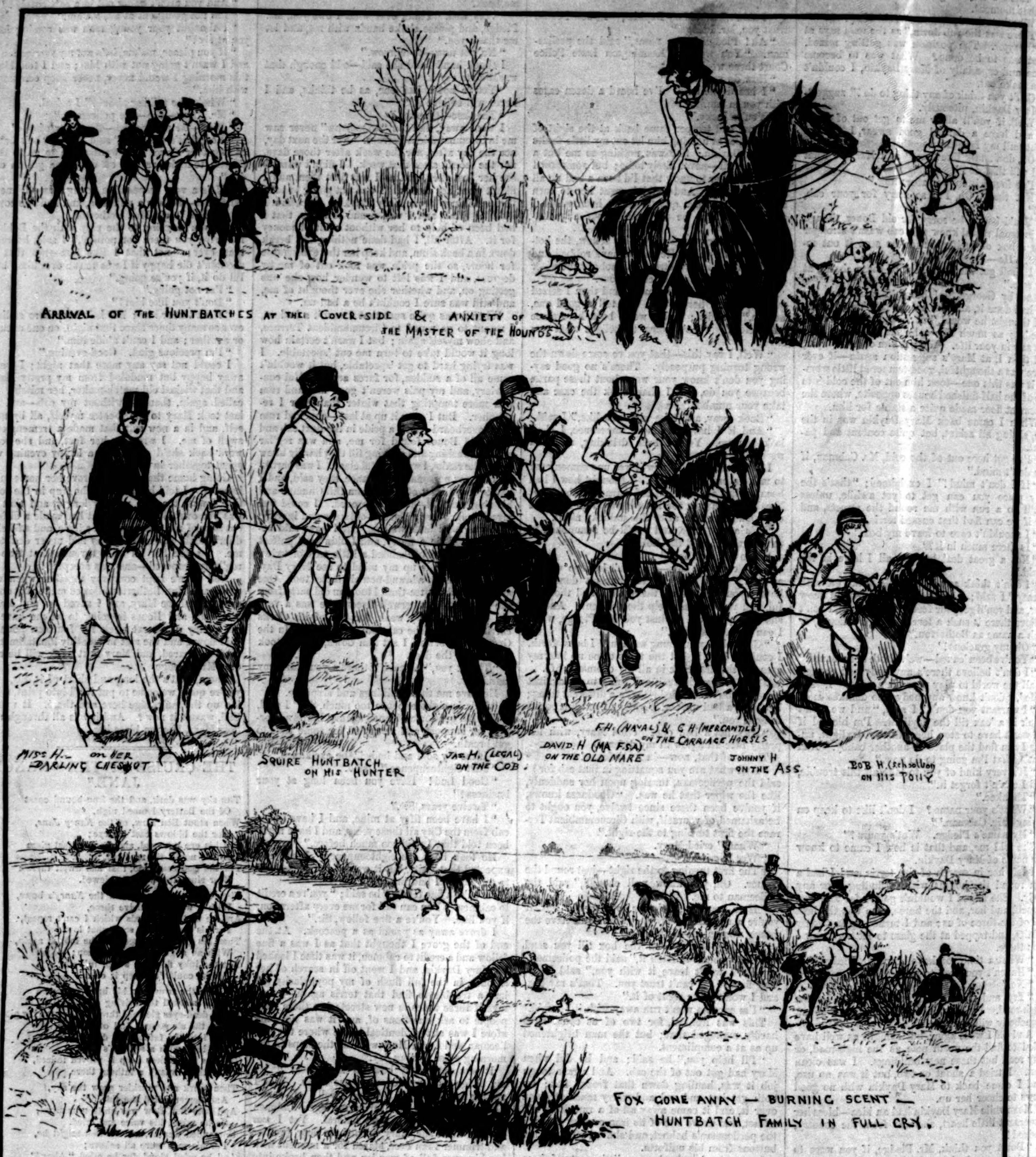
Then murk and murkier grew the sky,
  And fiercer rolled the tide,
And bold Ben Bow was quite unmanned,
  So he raised his voice and cried.
Unmanned was he, and he well might be,
  For his men were all ashore;
And he cried aloud, for he cried "Ahoy!"
  Till his cry became a roar.

"Ahoy!" he cried, and across the tide,
  "Ay, ay!" his men reply;
But never they'd answered yet as tars,
  Though they oft replied "Ay, ay!"
For though as stanch as tars may be,
  Each day saw new disasters,
As the *Nancy Jane* was a brig, d'ye see,
  And none can serve two-masters.

Then his mate drew Ben aside, who seemed,
  As the crew said, "much consarned,"
For oft his shaggy brows he knit,
  And his eyes at times he "darned."
For the dreaded blow seemed near at last,
  As his hoard of choice Havanas
Had all been "smoked," so his mate opined,
  To judge by the customs manners.

But higher and higher the waves arose,
  And first the anchor parted,
And then, it was seen, not merely a plank,
  But the whole of the ship had started.
When this the customs officer saw,
  His heart grew sore with trouble,
For the captain toward him stretched his hands,
  And the sight he saw was double.

At that, to the shore he madly rushed,
  And shouted "Avast! Belay!"
But small and smaller the *Nancy* grew,
  For she quickly wore away.
And lo! as he watched, that noble ship,
  With a sort of shuddering quiver,
With her captain bold and her crew, went down—
  But she only went down the river!



THE HUNTBATCHES OUT FOR A HOLIDAY.